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MILESTONE

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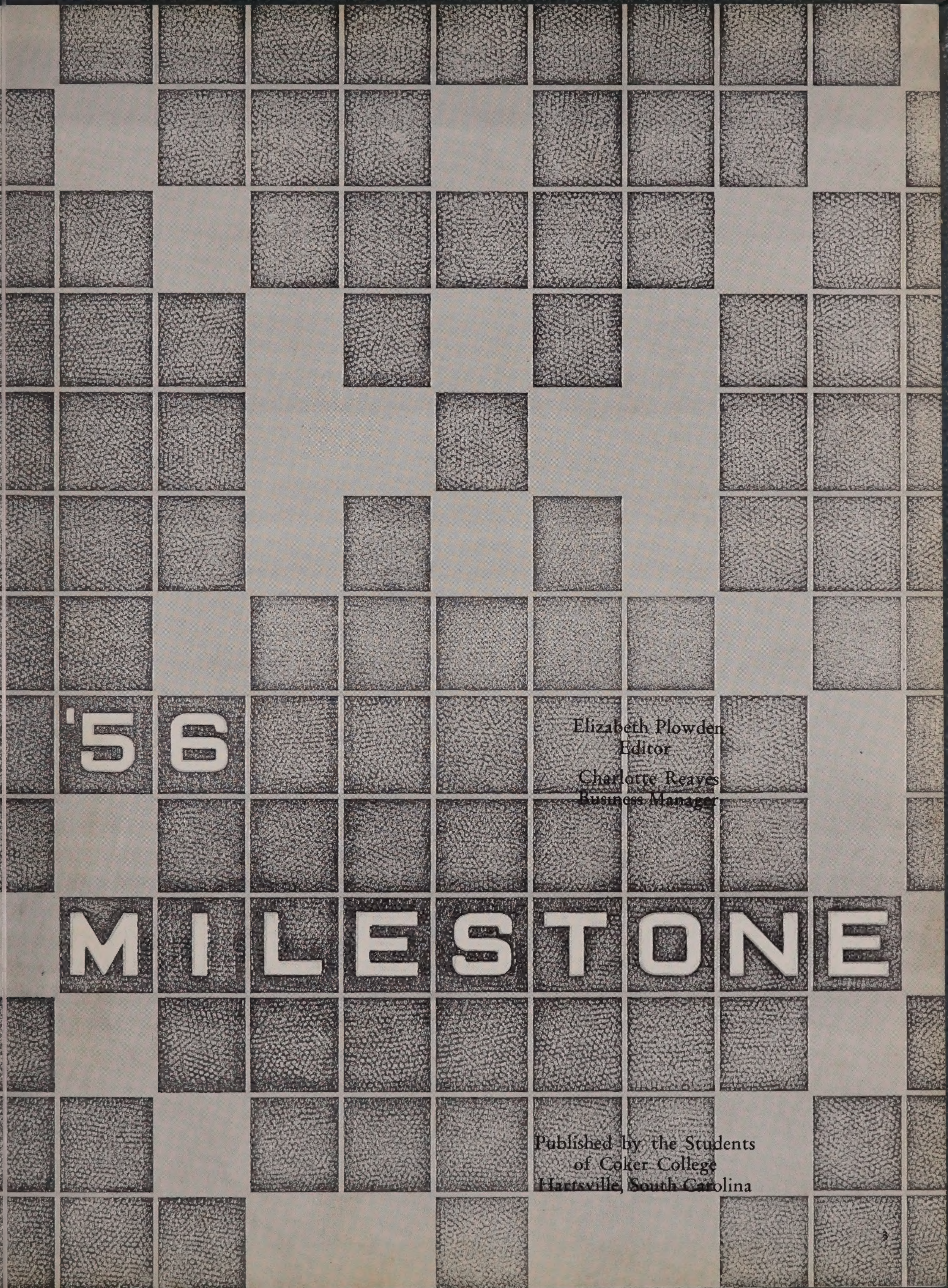

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MILESTONE

Elizabeth Plowden
Editor

Charlotte Reaves
Business Manager

Published by the Students
of Coker College
Hartsville, South Carolina

"The thing I most remember is how beautifully feminine she looked in her blue hat that matched her blue eyes." Thus a chapel speaker this year described our Professor of Biology who came to Coker to head that department in 1935. *Who's Who in America* lists her as a Botanist, but to us she is much more.

Therefore, for her ingenuity, planning and supervision that gave us a handsome and well-equipped Science Building, for the way she has used her love for all growing things, especially camellias, for our constant pleasure as we stroll this beautiful campus, for her vivaciousness, charm, intelligence and interest not only in our school and in us as individuals but also in the community of Hartsville, and for the inspiration she has been to us as students—for all these things and more we dedicate this, the Milestone for 1956, to

Dedication . . . MISS VELMA MATTHEWS

Foreword

In this edition of THE MILESTONE, we have attempted to preserve in pictures and words the highlights and the choicest memories of this year at Coker . . . the visions, ideals, and achievements of campus life; the ardent labor involved in the endless hours of study, practice, and rehearsals; the refreshment that comes with whole-hearted play through sports events, dances, dates, bridge, shopping trips, jam sessions, the poignant joy on passing a difficult exam, and the feelings of concern on the part of fellow student and instructor as you struggle with some scholastic or personal difficulty.

THE MILESTONE staff has enjoyed the full cooperation of the administration, faculty, and student body. Satistical information has been graciously given, photographs have been made when it wasn't exactly convenient for everyone concerned, snapshots have been loaned . . . all, with a smile.

We of THE MILESTONE staff hope that we have succeeded in compiling the experiences and sentiments of our whole college life from the orientation of homesick and awestruck freshmen to the culminating thrill of graduation day.

Dearest Anne,

Words just can't express how wonderful our three years together have been. Now that we are graduating and you are becoming Seniors, we realize just how much these things have meant to us. I hope you and Bid enjoy our room as much as we did.

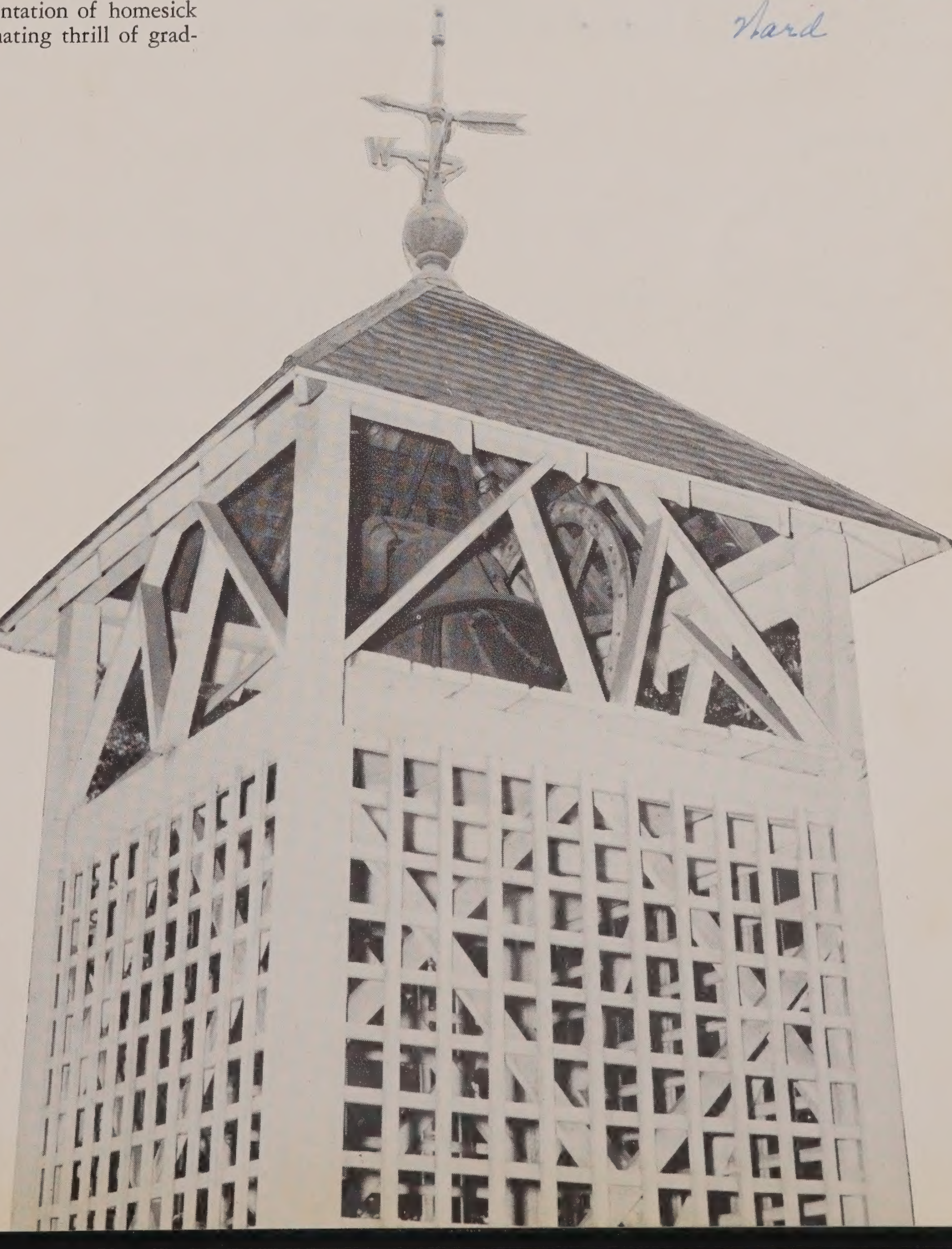
Anne, I want to wish you the very best of everything next years and the years following. Be sweet and remember that I'm thinking about you and wishing I were back with you here.

Now that I've said all this, it really isn't what I wanted to say, but I think you know what I mean and how I feel.

I'll be seeing you—

I love you

Nard



Clad with tradition, its tone unmellowed with age, the bell rings out on sleep filled ears in the morning, helps students get to special functions on time, and closes the dating hours much too soon.

1 B	I	2 R	D	■	3 C	4 R	A	5 C	6 K	7 E	D	■	8 S
R	■	O	■	9 H	■	A	■	10 L	E	G	■	11 S	W
12 A	13 M	O	R	A	14 L	■	15 M	A	N	■	16 D	■	I
17 G	Y	M	■	18 R	U	L	E	S	■	19 D	O	20 O	N
■	■	M	■	21 E	G	■	■	22 S	23 P	R	I	N	G
24 A	25 L	A	26 R	M	■	27 P	■	28 E	O	■	N	■	■
29 D	A	T	E	■	30 F	U	31 S	S	■	■	32 G	U	33 M
S	■	E	■	■	34 R	P	O	■	35 P	36 P	S	■	R
■	37 A	■	38 P	39 E	O	P	L	40 E	■	U	■	■	S
■	41 B	42 R	I	D	G	E	■	43 N	44 A	R	45 E	46 S	■
■	47 L	A	■	G	■	48 T	49 H	E	S	P	I	A	50 N
51 L	E	T	T	E	52 R	■	53 O	R	■	L	■	54 C	I
A	■	■	■	55 S	U	56 E	■	57 G	O	E	58 R	■	C
59 B	E	T	A	■	60 E	D	D	Y	■	■	61 I	C	E

*Our College— any college— is indeed a puzzle**

ACROSS

1. A member of the class Aves.
3. State of the mind after studying for Civ. Exam. (*Colloq.*)
10. What, without which, you could not stand so well.
11. The direction of Columbia from Hartsville.
12. Not moral.
15. Something that you don't leave alone long at Coker if you expect "it" to be there when you get back.
17. One place where classes compete for the President's Cup.
18. Those things which are made to be broken.
19. "And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I will lay me———— and die."
21. For example. (*Abbr.*)
22. The season when youth turns to thoughts of love.
24. That which propels you downstairs at 3 a.m.
28. Greek for dawn, daybreak.
29. What, if one likes, she takes to the Country Club.
30. Students' privilege.
32. Dr. Grannis' "pet peeve."
34. A wheeled place to mail letters. (*Abbr.*)
35. The mark of an after thought after an after thought.
38. "Life" of the buildings.
41. Favorite Dunbar pastime.
43. Nostrils of the frog.
47. The sixth note of the sung scale.
48. An actor. (*Jocose.*)
51. Always wanted.
53. Gold. (*Fr.*)
54. Cirrus. (*Abbr.*)
55. Short for Susan.
57. One who doesn't stay put.
59. The second letter of the Greek alphabet.
60. Last name of famous singer whose first name is Nelson.
61. What all girls want to wear on their left hands. (*Slang*)

DOWN

1. What one doesn't do about a bad grade.
2. Sometimes, like an old car, hard to get started—especially in the morning.
4. Egyptian Sun God.
5. What Pop pays for you to get into, and you work to get out of.
6. To know. (*Scot.*)
7. That is. (*Abbr.*)
8. What one wishes to do on the Bell Tower rope.
9. A seraglio.
13. Possessive case of I.
14. What town students have to do with all their books.
15. Objective case of I.
16. Indicative of deeds and actions.
19. Helps one get well. (*Abbr.*)
20. What the TV set is when it isn't off.
23. What one races for between classes. (*Abbr.*)
24. They influence even those who claim to be uninfluenced.
25. A southern state. (*Abbr.*)
26. Rhenium. *Chem. Abbr.*)
27. A little figure with strings attached.
30. Many girls know all about it from the outside in.
31. Spanish for sun.
33. Most coveted degree.
36. Color of royalty.
37. The kind of writer you are if you can write an English theme.
38. 3.14159265
39. Brinks.
40. What faculty members sometimes think students are full of.
44. Drug used in Senior Play. (*Abbr.*)
45. East Indes. (*Abbr.*)
46. One of a tribe of Algonquian Indians, formerly dwelling along the upper Mississippi.
49. A cry of surprised delight.
50. What the people aren't when they hide the Senior Hall blackboard.
51. Thing you make up on a Friday afternoon.
52. Street. (*Fr.*)
56. The department where one learns that he should not let his studies interfere with his education.
58. New England state. (*Abbr.*)

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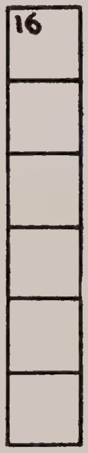

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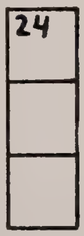

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The life of the buildings

Administration

Faculty and Staff

Seniors

Juniors

Sophomores

Freshmen

* PEOPLE

The President

"... Behold the man!"
—John 19:5

Fame is what you have taken,
Character's what you give;
When to this truth you waken
Then you begin to live.

DR. JOHN A. BARRY, JR.

Behold a man who has learned how to live!—One who is awake to the truth that you have only what you give away. Coker is proud to have Dr. John Andral Barry, Jr., as her new president, and we feel that we can truly say, 'Behold the man!"

A native South Carolinian, Dr. Barry was born at Fountain Inn. He received his A.B. degree from Furman University, his Ph.M. from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, His Th.D. from Southwestern Baptist Theological seminary in Fort Worth. He has done graduate work at both the University of Chicago and Yale University. In 1949 Dr. Barry became professor of Philosophy at Furman, and he resigned as head of that department to come to us. Nevertheless, it is not what lies behind our president which has won us to him, nor what lies before him; it is what lies within him—the character that has made him a scholar and a gentleman.

Dr. Barry and some of the students enjoy a cup of coffee in the canteen.

One need not talk long with Dr. Barry before he is assured that our president has developed a sense of mission about Coker, that he has realized what she has to offer, and has visualized how to offer it.

Perhaps it is partly Dr. Barry's philosophy of life that has endeared him to us. "Believe in people," he tells us. "Magnify the positive, and you will soon lose sight of the negative. Be guided by admirations rather than disgusts."

Dr. Barrygives of himself. At the crossroads where the markers are blurred and the paint peeling, he is not satisfied with merely pointing out the way, he takes your hand and guides you. Yes, CHARACTER IS WHAT YOU GIVE—and he is a giver of self for others.

Napoleon once estimated, "Nothing is too small for a great man." Dr. Barry concerns himself with undercurrents and by-lines. He bothers to take you into his confidence, and not only asks your opinion but wants it. Truly he seeks to determine every move and decision that will affect the college from the students' point of view.

Where our president meets a stranger, he leaves a friend. He is a newcomer to Coker, but each girl on campus considers him a friend. He is also a newcomer to the town of Hartsville, but his charming personality and his outstanding ability have given him a very active part in community life. Hartsville has welcomed him with enthusiastic appreciation.

A picture of Dr. Barry must include his charming wife, Helen Bryant Barry. Mrs. Barry is a beautiful complement to her husband, a wise mother, and a debout Christian lady. She possesses charm and grace that springs from a deep-rooted good will and sincere desire to be a friend. Dr. and Mrs. Barry have two children, Ann and Mary Helen.

In the President's well-managed office are the efficient Miss Josephine Erwin, assistant to the president, and his secretary, Miss Lucy Singletary.

More familiarly known as "Miss Jo," the president's assistant is truly the epitome of Coker. Since Coker's foundation Miss Jo has played a vital part in the life of the College. Our versatile Miss Jo hasn't enough fingers for all her pies. In addition to assisting the president, editing the alumni news, planning concerts and doing wonders with receptions, she takes an active part in Hartsville Community affairs. She is a gracious hostess, not only to visitors but also to students. Miss Jo is a true focal point of Coker activity.

Lucy Singletary, the president's secretary and receptionist, was graduated from Coker in 1954 and now adds to Dr. Barry's office her own kind of southern charm. Attractive as well as adept, Lucy is giving back to Coker a part of what she received from her Alma Mater.

Thus we present a president with a vision, a family that is inspirational, and office assistants who are completely devoted to Coker. From this combination we can expect a better Coker tomorrow.

Mrs. Barry, Ann, Mary Helen, and Dr. Barry

Miss Lucy Singletary, Secretary to the President
Miss Josephine Erwin, Assistant to the President

The Administration

MISS HELEN MILLS, Dean of Women; DR. KENNETH G. KUEHNER, Dean of Students; MRS. LOUISE M. HANKINS, Secretary.

We had our first introduction to Dr. Kuehner on that hectic day of registration. Perhaps we were surprised to see a dean working with the teachers in advising and registering students; thus our previously formed conception of a dean was altered. Our second encounter with the dean's office came a few days later. We paused outside to muster up courage before entering with a schedule hopelessly confused or a registration card that must be changed. Miss Hankins' smile reassured us, however, and before we realized it we were talking easily to Dr. Kuehner about our problem. We here discovered other characteristics of our dean—patience with our interruptions and our indecision, an unselfish giving of his time, an interest in students as individuals.

Yet there was so much more to learn about this scholarly, versatile, unassuming man before we could really know him. How can we forget that first of many traditional chapel talks by Dr. Kuehner? Upper classmen sat in delightful anticipation while freshmen wondered . . . wondered, until we all enjoyed his slow drawl and dry wit, and laughed at the tales of Tilly. But the morals of Tilly's adventures and the wisdom of Dr. Kuehner's "old hat on a peg" were not lost.

The importance of the position, but impressive title of "Dean of Students" is comprised of many unimpressive, yet necessary duties and of the man who performs them.

DR. KENNETH G. KUEHNER
Dean of Students

Dr. Kuehner registers students only to unregister and reregister them. Enrolling us in classes so that we will have classes to cut, he then must reprimand us sometimes for cutting these classes. He attempts to be in his office to answer our questions about what subjects to take and when to take them, to solve class conflicts, to look up records for us, to make transcripts, to write references, to see that academic life at Coker continues its well-ordered pattern. He must leave his office to teach education classes, give graduate record and teachers' examinations, do testing for the Public Welfare Department ("sometimes hair-raising"), and visit other schools as a member of the inspection committee of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. This year our dean was on loan to the University of South Carolina to teach a graduate class on Saturday mornings and conducted night classes in administration for Air Force Reserves.

Dr. Kuehner gives us his evaluation of his job: "A dean lives in a no-man's-land or at best in a buffer state between the faculty and the student body." In his office on his bookcase is a souvenir—a pair of antique druggist scales; to Dr. Kuehner these scales signify his responsibility in balancing faculty on one side, students on the other.

In his typical sly humor, Dr. Kuehner states his outlook on life—"think or thwim," but adds seriously that he is still working on his philosophy. His is a working philosophy, a life dedicated to the principles of the institution he serves: character, culture, and Christian service.

No picture of Dean Kuehner is complete without his "extra right hand," Miss Hankins. She performs the usual duties of a secretary—typing and retyping class cards, handling correspondence, keeping permanent records, making transcripts, mimeographing examinations. But there is a special quality we remember—her willingness to stop her work and help us, or, to say it another way, her personal interest in each of us.

Bills, bills, bills—we think our only association with the business office is the day we stand before Mrs. Caldwell's desk to pay our tuition or find a reminder slip in our mailboxes But the collection of bills is only one of the functons of this office directly affecting our college life. We readily see the benefits of a bank on campus. And how important are those letters in our mailboxes, how convenient is the book room, how much we enjoy the canteen! All of these services are under the direction of the business office—services rendered because of a sincere interest in the Coker student body.

Or consider our attractive class-rooms and modern equipment, our comfortable dormitory rooms, the good food from our kitchen, the convenience of a laundry on campus. The business office is responsible for every part of our physical plant and for its employees. Someone must do all purchasing for the college, pay wages and salaries, make appropriations for organizations, handle scholarship payments, order caps and gowns for the seniors—and these become some of the endless duties of Mr. Kelley and Mrs. Caldwell.

MRS. ELIZABETH CALDWELL, Assistant to the Business Manager; Mr. O. D. KELLEY, JR., Business Manager.

Miss Roberta McKinnon, Librarian; Mrs. H. A. C. Walker, Assistant Librarian.

This would seem enough in the line of duty for a dean, but there are many extra duties.
For instance, Miss Mills works behind the scenes when we go to Columbia to a play or to the ballet. She helps arrange the accommodations for the high school weekend guests in such a way as to minimize our inconvenience. Seeing that the White House is open for our dates and that free meal tickets are available on "big" weekends are some of those time-consuming extra services that make Miss Mills not only our dean, but our friend.

Bills, bills, bills—we think our only association with the Business Office is the day we stand before Mrs. Caldwell's desk to pay our tuition. But the collection of bills is only one of the functions of this office directly affecting our college life. Our spending money is safe in the Student Bank. Our letters and packages are delivered to us by the Campus Post Office. The Book Room keeps school supplies for us and the Canteen keeps the hunger pangs away between meals.

Mrs. Rickey Smith, Secretary; Mr. Sterling Smith, Director of Public Relations; Miss Wilhelmina Kirkland, Assistant Director of Public Relations.

The Business Office is responsible for every part of our physical plant and the employees who keep every part of it in order—from our attractive class-rooms and modern equipment to our comfortable dormitory rooms, the good food from our kitchen, and the campus laundry. Someone must do all purchasing for the college, pay wages and salaries, make appropriations for organizations, handle scholarship payments, order caps and gowns for the seniors—these become some of the endless duties of Mr. Kelley and Mrs. Caldwell. The Business Office is a vital part of Coker College.

The library plays an important part in the life of our college. It contributes much in supplementing our studies and attending to our cultural ills with the finest in art, music, and literature. Because we so often frequent its rooms, because we consider it a common part of our school day, we can easily overlook the endless unseen duties the library requires of the library staff.

How did all those books get on the shelves in the first place? First, Miss McKinnon and Mrs. Walker must carefully consider the books to be ordered—books that we will enjoy and find useful. When the books arrive they are checked page by page to insure their good condition. They must be cataloged, plates placed on the side covers, lettering printed on the binding, the bindings shellacked, and the books rechecked. Only after this involved process are they ready to be placed on the shelves. Our librarians give the same careful attention to the slide and record collections and to the rental pictures.

We all enjoy working in a library with attractive book displays, bulletin boards, and flower arrangements—extras which consume a great amount of the library staff's time.

The annual Literary Festival and the Christmas Book Tea are other projects that involve long hours of planning and work. Our library contributes much to the college community as well as to Coker through these extra-curricular activities. We are proud of this, our expanding and up-to-date library.

Busy as they are, Miss McKinnon and Mrs. Walker are always ready to help us find a book, to suggest material for a term paper, and to take a personal interest in each of us.

As incoming freshmen we knew that we already had friends on campus—those in the Public Relations Office. A representative had visited us in our high schools and in our homes, gladly answering our questions about college in general and Coker in particular. The Office promptly replied to our letter requesting information. On High School Weekends, the Public Relations Office became a touring agency, showing us the points of interest on campus. It made certain that we had fun, and at the same time revealed the true spirit of Coker to us.

When we arrived at Coker for the first fall session, we discovered that we had formed a lasting friendship, for ours is a Public Relations Office with an inward look. Taking an active interest in our activities, Mr. Smith, Miss Kirkland, and Mrs. Smith listen to our problems and our complaints, and take polls on campus to determine what improvements are needed. All advertising is handled by this office. It publicizes our school activities and our achievements. Well might we be proud of the Public Relations Office—our representative as individuals and as a group to the general public.

The Faculty and Staff

Teachers are those who instruct; those who lecture on a subject previously mastered; those who test us on this subject only to become frustrated because we haven't mastered it; those individuals who inhabit classrooms and the intellectual parts of our minds.

Yet we would not isolate our teachers in the classroom as instructors in books. They take their place in our yearbook because they are also our instructors in life. A joy in teaching, patience, understanding, wisdom, friendship—their materials; Coker College campus, the world—their classroom.

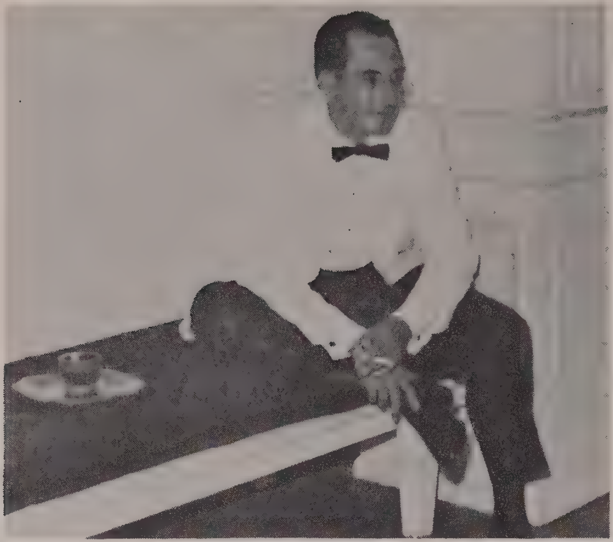
Each brings his own contribution to this classroom of life. Their talents are ours to accept or reject as we will. Many are the rewards for the student who knows his teacher outside as well as inside the classroom!

We had heard a lot about college professors before we came to Coker that first year as green little freshmen. Perhaps some of us were prepared for the worst as we went for our first registration. But right away we sensed the friendship extended to us. We had a hint of their personal interest in each of us that was to grow during our years at Coker.

College classes were our next major undertaking. Although we liked some courses better than others, we always had a friend behind the desk to be patient with our shortcomings and to help us over the rough spots. There was always time out for an occasional joke and a laugh in class. Sometimes we hoped to get out of some work by getting off the subject. These moments were not as leisurely as we thought, however, for from these interesting "sidetracks" we developed a sound philosophy of life.

As the months passed, extra-curricular activities found a big place in our college life. In the life of our teachers, too, these events were important as they gave their time to sponsor classes and organizations. Just how many hours *did* they spend in the auditorium directing plays and skits? How many hours did it take to get the various publications off to press? How many hours were spent getting public performances of all types —May Day, recitals, lectures, etc.—ready for the maximum pleasure of both the students and the college guests? And who but our teachers were our most faithful cheerleaders at athletic events?

FIRST ROW: V. Smith, A. Smith, Floyd, Erwin, Grannis, Newell, Haynes, Matthews, Moody, Vaughn, Kelly.
SECOND ROW: Mills, Farhner, Ingram, Keuhner, J. Saunders, McClimon, Walker, J. Smith, Singletary, Colbert, J. Reynolds.
THIRD ROW: Brumbaugh, Davidson, E. Reynolds, Caldwell, Vail, Schall, C. Sisson.



We can't overlook their service on Joint Council and other committees to give us those special privileges, a good library, interesting chapel programs, a literary festival and other special conferences. Nevertheless, we still can't claim them as "our" faculty completely, for they find time to take part in the activities of the surrounding communities.

What do we give in return for all of these contributions which make our college life a rich experience? Sometimes a lot of headaches, work that is not our best but will "get by," an indifference that shuts the doors of our minds. Yet still our teachers have conferences with us to help us with our special difficulties. They excuse our cuts when we have "more important things to do," and give us make-up tests. They try to consider our plans in scheduling tests, and cover the same material again and again.

TOP: Tired, Dr. Kuehner?

CENTER, left: Dr. Davidson has a conference with one of her majors.

CENTER, right: Mr. Reynolds is busily engaged in photo copy work both for his and for Civ. classes.

BOTTOM: You'd better hurry, Miss Floyd, or your team won't win!

And—miracle of it all—if we grasp one principle, if we master one difficult lesson, if we give one sign of interest or ask one thoughtful question—they ask no other reward and take pleasure in our achievement.

These, then, are our teachers who present education as a wonderful adventure and life as a great challenge.

And how does the staff do it: manage Coker with us here? We like so well to exercise our glorious privilege of complaining, often only because it is our privilege. We criticize and rebel, yet somehow they maintain an air of patience and efficiency.

They register us for everything from dormitory rooms to blood donations. They take care of such matters as burned out light bulbs and repair such things as heating systems. They advise and counsel, convincing us of the folly of some things and the wisdom of others. They are concerned about a well-planned diet, and a well-ordered laundry.

Records must be kept, and so they file them diligently day by day, but inevitably choose to remember the best and forget the worst. In the infirmary, kind and patient hands care for our physical ills.

These people are a vital part of our college community—mothers, fathers, doctors, guardians, and friends. Behind the criticism, the complaining and rebelling, we are more than proud of our staff, and more than indebted to them for their services to us.

R. NICKEY BRUMBAUGH (1944), A.B., A.M., M.F.A.

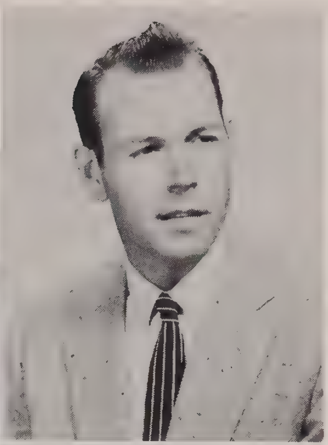
Associate Professor of Art

A.B., DePauw University; A.M., Western Reserve University; Art Institute of Chicago; Cleveland School of Art; Butler University; M.F.A., Ohio University; pupil of Ernest Riene, Charles Burchfield, Paul Sample, and Aaron Bohrod; Curriculum Committee; Publications Committee; Milestone Advisor.

JAMES E. COLBERT (1954), B.S., M.B.A.

Associate Professor of Business Education

B.S., Bowling Green College of Commerce; M.B.A., Denver University; Montana State College; Mexico City College; Georgia Teachers College; University of Florida; Scholarships Committee; Sophomore Class Advisor; Chi Beta Epsilon Advisor; Curriculum Committee.



ANITA McCLIMON (1954), B.S., M.S.

Assistant Professor of Business Education

B.S., Winthrop College; M.S., University of Tennessee; Freshman Advisory Committee.

KENNETH GEORGE KUEHNER (1945), A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

Professor of Education and Psychology

A.B., Allegheny College; A.M., University of Pittsburgh; Ph.D., Duke University; Admissions Committee; Ex Officio Assembly Committee; Curriculum Committee; President's Advisory Committee; Scholarships Committee; Sohpiades Committee; Student Government (Advisory Board) Committee.

HELEN E. MILLS (1940), B.S., A.M.

Associate Professor of Education and Psychology

B.S., Mary Washington College; A.M., Columbia University; graduate work in Student Personnel Administration, Columbia University; Admissions Committee; Ex Officio Concerts, Lectures, and Programs Committe; Ex Officio Curriculum Committee; Freshman Advisory Committee; Orientation Committee; President's Advisory Committee; Scholarships Committee; Student Government (Advisory Board) Committee.

FRENCH HAYNES (1936), A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

Professor of English

A.B., Meredith College; A.M., Ph.D., Cornell University; Concerts, Lectures, and Programs Committee; Curriculum Committee; Drama Club Advisor.

CHARLES ALEXANDER SISSON (1935), A.B., Ph.D.

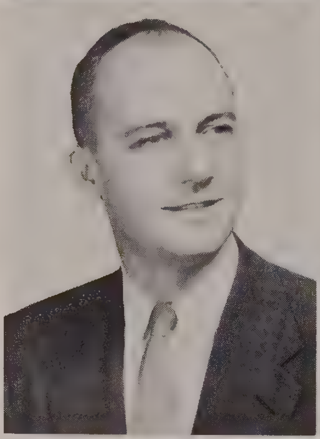
Associate Professor of English

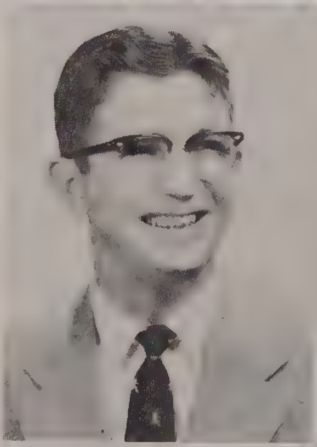
A.B., University of Kansas; Ph.D., Stanford University; Johns Hopkins University; University of Iowa; Library ommitttee; President's Advisory Committee; Publications Committee; Student Government (Advisory Board) Committee; Sigma Tau Delta Advisor; Periscope Advisor; Gateway Advisor.

HENRIETTA H. SISSON (MRS.) (1937), A.B., A.M.

Assistant Professor of English

A.B., University of Kansas; A.M., University of Iowa; Orientation Committee; Publication Committee; Freshman Class Advisor.





ROBERTA McKINNON (1955), A.B., B.S. in L.S.
Librarian and Instructor in Library Science

A.B., Coker College; B.S. in L.S., University of North Carolina; Freshman Advisory Committee; Library Committee.

ELIZABETH H. DAVIDSON (1936), B.S., M.S., Ph.D.
Professor of History and Social Science

B.S., M.S., University of Tennessee; Ph.D., Duke University; Concerts, Lectures, and Programs Committee; Curriculum Committee; Freshman Advisory Committee; Library Committee; Retirement and Tenure Committee; International Relations Club Advisor.

ALVIN A. FAHRNER (1952), A.B., A.M., Ph.D.
Associate Professor of History and Social Science

A.B., Hampden-Sydney College; A.M., Ph.D., University of North Carolina.

ELIZABETH R. REYNOLDS (MRS.) (1953), A.B., A.M.

A.B., Winthrop College; A.M., Columbia University; University of North Carolina; Senior Class Advisor.

FRANK W. SAUNDERS (1949), A.B., A.M.
Professor of Mathematics

A.B., A.M., University of North Carolina; Duke University; University of North Carolina; Curriculum Committee.

VALLERIA B. GRANNIS (1930), A.B., A.M., Ph.D.
Professor of Modern Languages

A.B., Transylvania College; A.M., Cornell University; Ph.D., Columbia University; University of Paris; Middlebury College, Schools of French and Spanish; National University of Mexico; Curriculum Committee; Freshman Advisory Committee; library Committee; Orientation Committee; President's Advisory Committee; Retirement and Tenure Committee.

ELEANOR FLOYD (1945), Ph.B., A.M.
Associate Professor of Modern Languages

Ph.B., Denison University; A.M., University of Alabama; University of Chicago; Middlebury College, School of Spanish; National University of Mexico; Purdue University; Sophiades Committee.

VIRGIL SMITH (1935), B.M., M.M.
Professor of Music

B.M., M.M., American Conservatory of Music: pupil of Rudolph Reuter, Silvio Scionti Adolf Weidig, Rossetter Cole, Leo Sowerby; Cornell University: pupil of Egon Petri; Concerts, Lectures, and Programs Committee; Curriculum Committee; Uresident's Advisory Committee.

ALICE STEPHENSON SMITH (MRS.), B.S.E., B.M., M.M.
Associate Professor of Music

B.S.E., Arkansas State College; B.M., M.M., American Conservatory of Music; violin pupil of Jacques Gordon of the Eastman School of Music, Leon Sametini of the Chicago Musical College, Louis Persinger of the Juilliard School of Music; piano pupil of Rudolph Reuter, Leopold Godowsgy; Music Club Advisor.

ELIZABETH M. NEWELL (1943), B.Mus., M.Mus.
Assistant Professor of Music

Rockford College; B.MUS., M.MUS., American Conservatory of Music: piano pupil of Grace Welsh, John Palmer, Stelle Roberts, Leo Sowerby, Josef Lhevinne; Cumberland Forest Festival: piano pupil of Johana Harris; Yale University, Norfolk School of Music : organ pupil of Frank Bozyan; Assembly Committee; Christian Council Advisor; Junior Class Advisor.

MARCELLA JACKSON (1955), B.Mus., M.Mus.
Instructor in Music

B.Mus., M. Mus., Indiana University; pupil of Walter Roberts, Bela Boszarmenju-Nagy.

RICHARD K. SCHALL (1955), B.Mus., Ed., B.M., M.M.
Associate Professor of Music

Indiana University; Private voice study with Carl Van Buskirk Glee Club Advisor; Sextette Advisor.

ELEANORE W. VAUGHAN (MRS.) 1947
Instructor in Music

New England Conservatory of Music: pupil of Henry M. Dunham, Louis C. Elson, Frederick S. Converse.

AILEEN MOODY (1936), B.S., A.M.
Professor of Physical Education

B.S., Battle Creek College; A.M., Columbia University; Concerts, Lectures, and Programs Committee; Curriculum Committee; Library Committee; Orientation Committee; Student Government (Advisory Board) Committee; Athletic Council Advisor.

BETTY CRARY (1955), A.B., M.Ed.
Instructor in Physical Education

A.B., Wake Forest; M.Ed., Woman's College of the University of North Carolina; Physical Education Major's Club Advisor.

JO BISHOP SAUNDERS (MRS.) (1955), A.B.

A.B., Coker College; Modern Dance Club Advisor.

BEN INGRAM (1941), A.B., Th.M., Ph.D.
Professor of Christian Education

A.B., Wake Forest College; Th.M., Ph.D., Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; University of North Carolina; University of California; North Carolina State College; Duke University; Assembly Committee; Curriculum Committee.

VELMA D. MATTHEWS (1934), A.B., A.M., Ph.D.
Professor of Biology

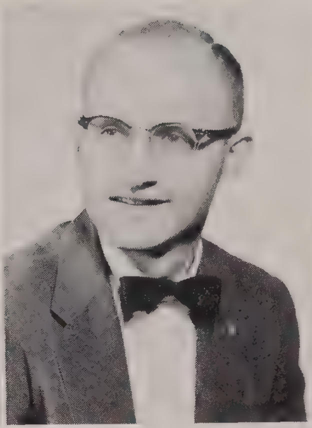
A.B., Woman's College of the University of North Carolina; A.M., Ph.D., University of North Carolina; Allegany School of Natural History; University of Virginia; Curriculum Committee; Retirement and Tenure Committee; Sophiades Committee.

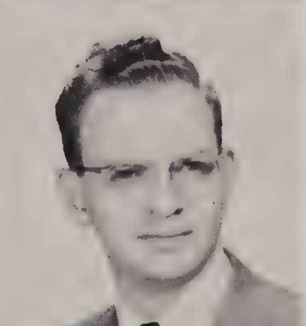
JOHN D. REYNOLDS (1951), B.S.Ed., M.Ed.
Assistant Professor of Biology

B.S., M.Ed., Temple University; Duke University; Mountain Lake Biological Station, University of Virginia; Biology Club Advisor.

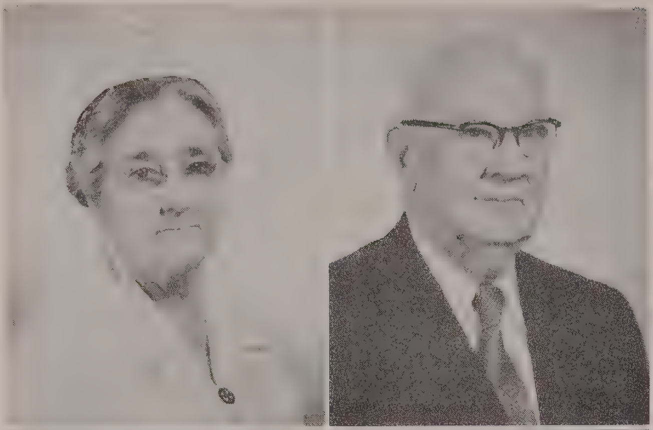
CHARLES B. VAIL (1953), B.S., M.S., Ph.D.
Professor of Chemistry

B.S., Birmingham-Southern College; M.S., Ph.D., Emory University; Curriculum Committee; Freshman Advisory Committee.





The Staff



BELLE McFARLAND, R.N.
Supervisor of the Infirmary

WILLIAM L. BYERLY, M.D.
College Physician

CAROLYNNE G. SUMNER, A.B.
Dietitian

RUTH BASS
Assistant to the Dietitian

MRS. R. C. PHILSON
Head Resident—Memorial and Central Hall Dormitories

MRS. C. M. SMITH
Matron—Memorial and Central Hall Dormitories

MRS. CLYDE GALLOWAY
Manager of the Trading Post

SARA B. DEFEE
Supervisor of the Laundry

A. J. WARR
Superintendent of Building and Grounds

HERBERT H. HANNA, A.B.
Plant Engineer

MRS. REYNOLDS, Sponsor; MARY DOUGLASS, Secretary-Treasurer; BARBARA WARD, President.

"Isn't it fun to count votes!"

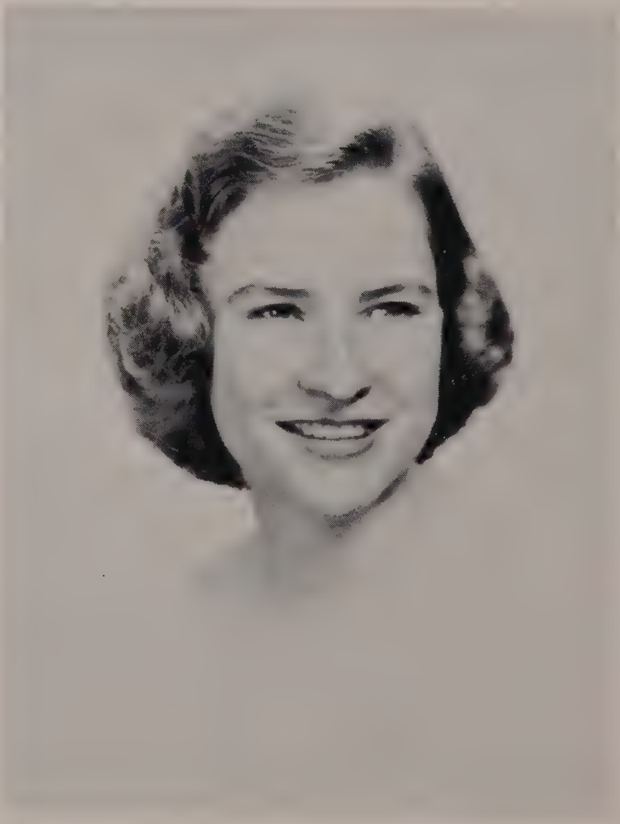
The Seniors

PEGGY LYNETTE CANTEY
Peggy
B.S., Business Education

BARBARA ANN JOYCE
Barbara
B.S., Business Education

The Seniors . . .

Carolyn can't have a private conversation with Barbara and Peggy around.



CAROLYN ALLSBROOK
Carolyn
B.S., Business Education

[illegible]

JOYCE ELIZABETH PLAYER
Joyce
B.S., Physical Education

CORNELIA SHEPHERD PORTER
Shep
A.B., Elementary Education

. . . *Class of 1956*

JEANENE LOCKLEAR
Jeanene
B.S., Business Education

Joyce, Shep and Jeanene are "just looking."

CHRISTINE GEORGE SAVVAS
Chris
B.S., Physical Education

JANICE LOWRIMORE
Jan
B.S., Physical Education

"What time does the next feature start at the other movie house?" say Shirley, Chris and Jan.

The Seniors . . .

SHIRLEY ANN LAWHON
Shirley
B.S., Physical Education

[illegible]

DELLA MAE REVELS
Delle
B.S., Business Education

JEWELL MAXINE LOCKLEAR
Maxine
B.S., Physical Education

... *Class of 1956*

Check →

[illegible]

Lov,
Bobbi

BARBARA ANN FINCH
Bobbi
A.B., English

Maxine, Delle and Bobbi are "cutting-up!"

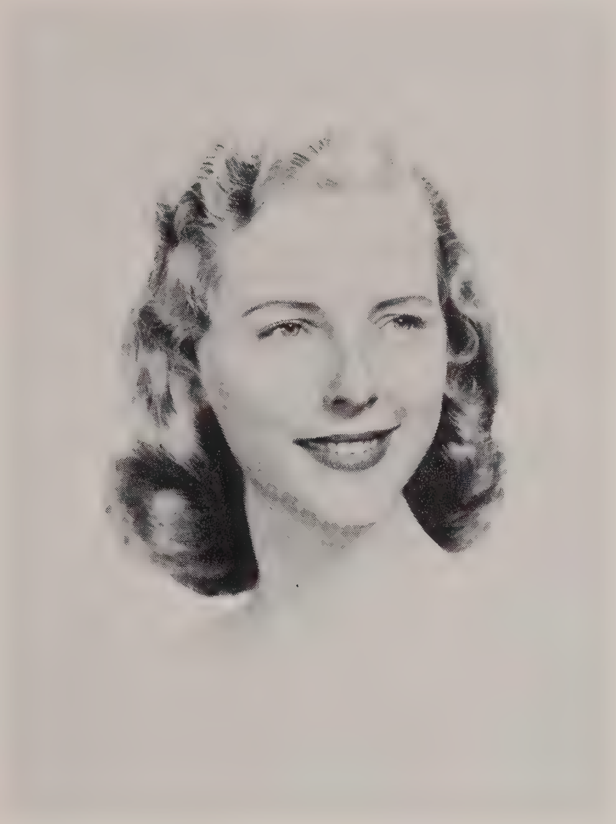
MARY LELAND DOUGLASS
Mary
A.B., Music-Piano

IDALYN STOLL
Idalyn
A.B., Music-Piano

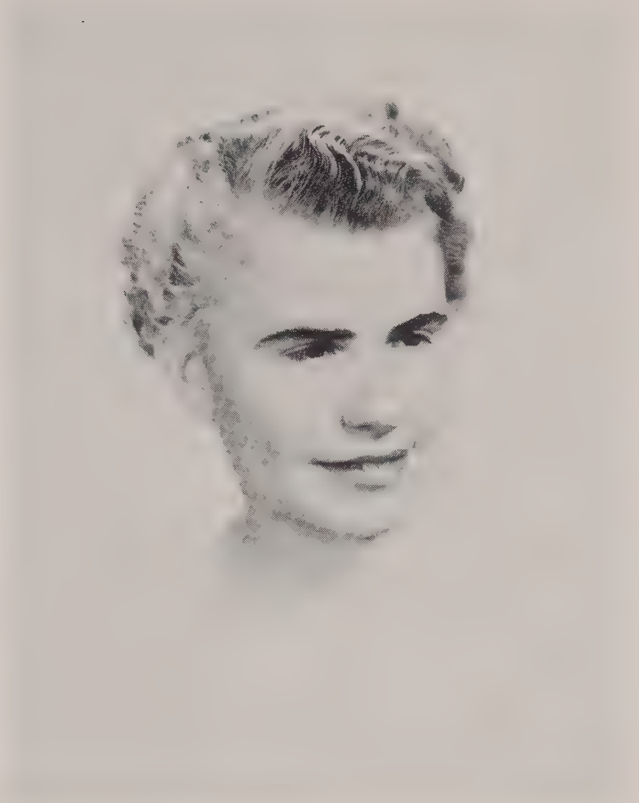
The Seniors . . .

Idalyn, Mary and Sally think it's so much nicer to play than to work when you should.

SALLY CALHOUN BANKS
Sally
A.B., English



NANCY CARLEENE MYERS
Carleene
B.S., Business Education



PATRICIA ANN EADDY
Pat
A.B., Elementary Education

...Class of 1956

Carleene got a letter and Summers got a package, but this just wasn't your day, Pat.

SUMMERS RUTH ULMER
Summers
A.B., Elementary Education

LUCILLE COWARD FREEMAN
Lucille
A.B., Elementary Education

MARY MYRTIS HORTON
Myrtis
A.B.,Elementary Education

The Seniors . . .

Are Charlotte, Myrtis and Lucile really studying, or is this a front for a good conversation?

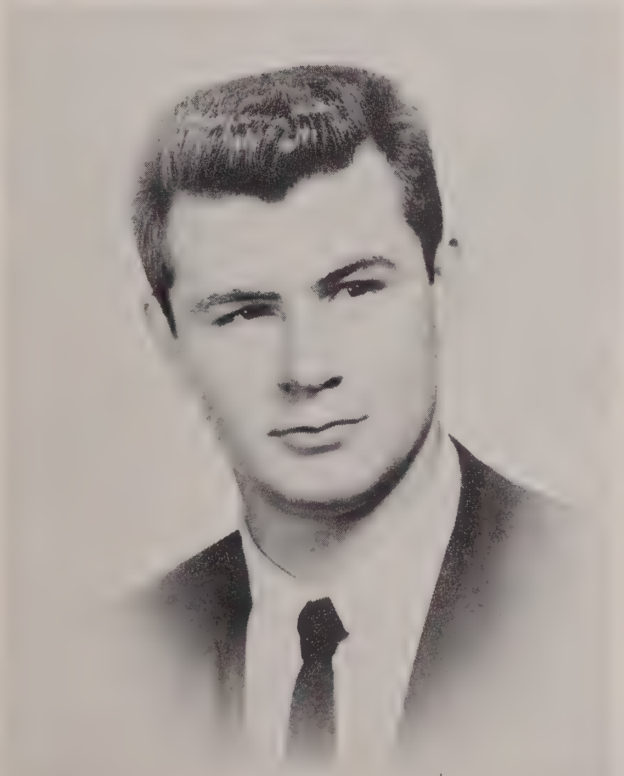
CHARLOTTE MASON STURM
Charlotte
A.B., Elementary Education

JANIE CALCUTT KING
Janie
B.S., Business Education

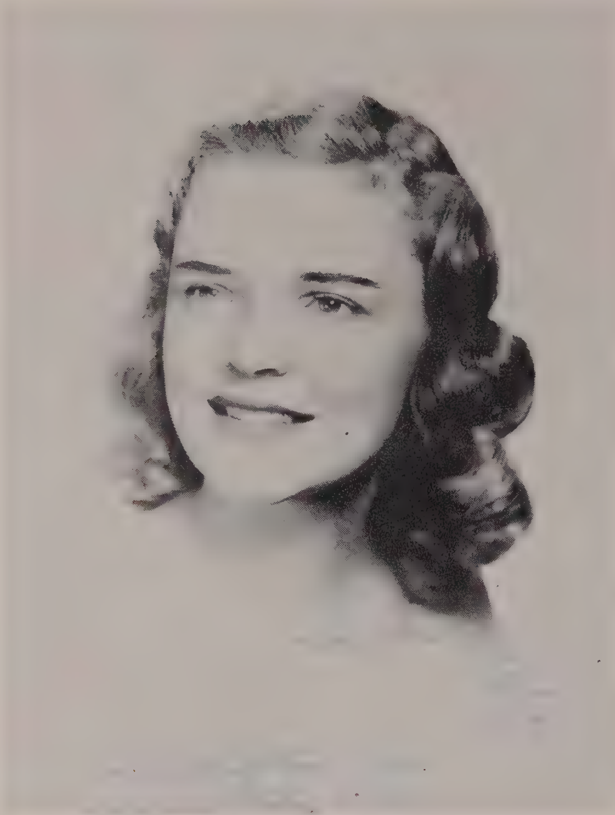
LUKE BROCKINGTON KING, JR.
Luke
A.B., Christian Education

... *Class of 1956*

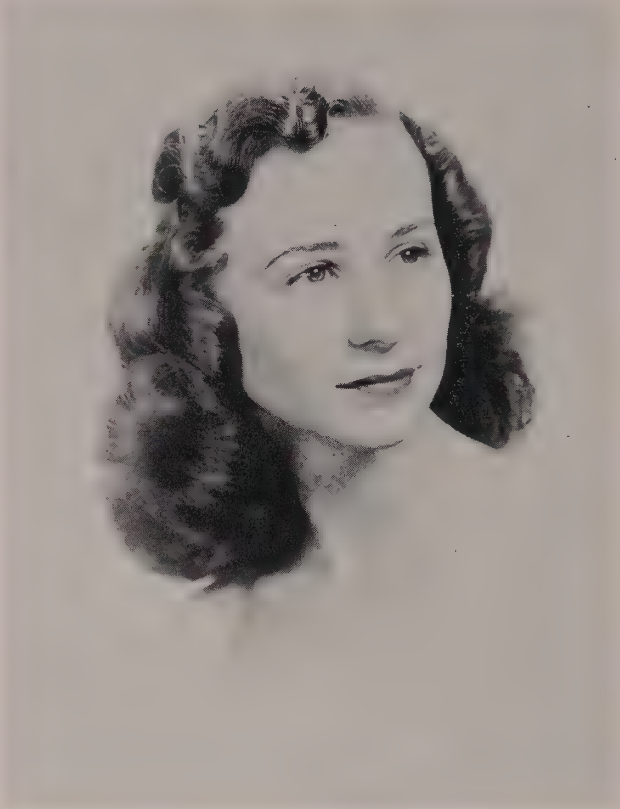
Don, Janie and Luke are going to be late for Civ. if they don't hurry.



DONALD ANDERSON
Don
A.B., History



ELIZABETH MARGARET DEGENHARDT
Liz
A.B., Social Science



MARGARET LOUISE ROGERS
Peggy
B.S., Business Education

The Seniors . . .

It would be so much easier on Peggy and Joyce if Liz would buy some gas for Liability.

JOYCE ANNE JOHNSTON
Joyce
A.B., Social Science

Much love,
Lib

HELEN ELIZABETH PLOWDEN
Lib
A.B., Social Science

Much love,
Barbara

BARBARA RUTH WARD
Barbara
A.B., History

. . . *Class of 1956*

SARA RODGERS
Sara
A.B., History

It takes more than coffee to keep Barbara, Lib and Sara awake when they study ror a Civ. test.

MARGARET JANE INGRAM
Jane
B.A., Music-Piano

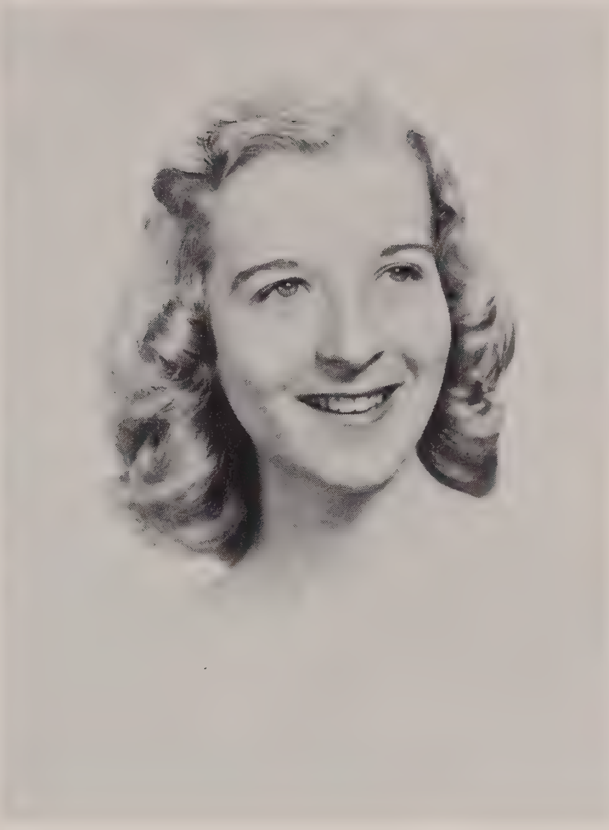
MARTHA LOIS LANGFORD
Martha
B.S., Business Education

The Senior . . .

What have you found, Faye, that Martha and Jane haven't?

RACHEL FAYE BAXLEY
Faye
B.S., Chemistry

DORIS ELIZABETH PEEPLES
Bebe
B.S., Business Education



FRANCES EARLE ROGERS
Frankie
A.B., English

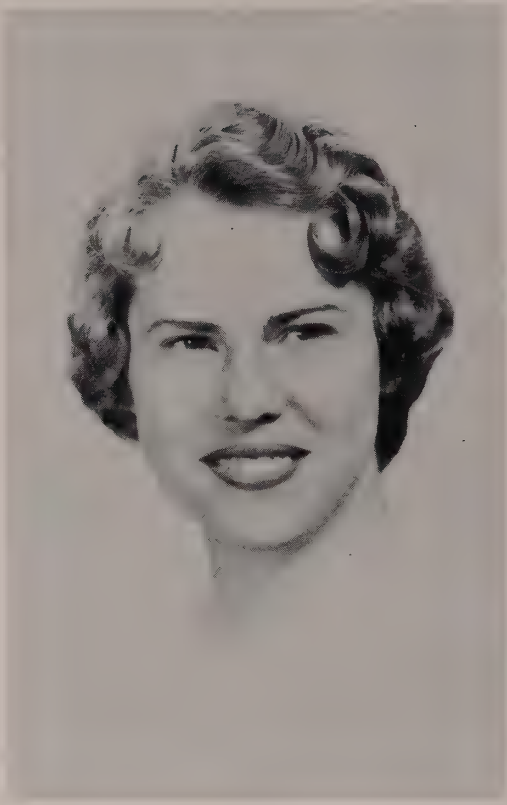
. . . Class of 1956

Love, Sylvia

SYLVIA ALICE SWEET
Sylvia
A.B., Elementary Education

Bebe, Frankie and Sylvia relax on the edge of their chairs while watching "Climax."

SARAH ELIZABETH BLACKMON
Beth
B.S., Business Education



NANCY CAROLINE STEVENS
Nancy
A.B., Elementary Education

The Seniors . . .

Back Row: Frankie, Claudette, Marian. *Front Row*: Nancy, Norma Jean, Beth, and Maxine, make use of the Canteen between classes.

MARIAN ELOISE TYNER
Marian
B.S., Business Education

MARY FRANCES WHITTLE
Frankie
B.S., Business Education

SYLVIA CLAUDETTE LOCKEE
Claudette
A.B., Elementary Education

. . . Class of 1956

NORMA JEAN JOHNSON
Norma Jean
B.S., Business Education

ANNIE MAXINE McLAMB
Maxine
A.B., Music-Piano

Senior Class History

Once upon a time there were some little freshmen who grew and grew until at last they were great big Seniors. It took a long time to get to be Seniors, and they were all very proud of this fact.

Things began in the usual way with this set of seniors . . . there was coffee in the parlor, across from the faculty, and of course they all acted just as dignified as they possibly could. They also had late, late, late permission—they could stay out until 12 o'clock on Saturday nights.

Then there were Senior Days, when everybody could show off their robes and mortarboards and dignifiedly march into chapel together like one long black ribbon. One day they all got little gold rings, which proved, beyond a shadow of a doubt that they were really Big Seniors.

We proudly wore our rings.

Naturally, they all had a fine time, in between studying a little bit, and dating, and doing all sorts of things that Seniors love to do (like cutting classes, taking all their mid-weeks, and leaving on weekends). Then there was a Song Contest to see who could sing the best out of all the classes. They won the Pep Song!

But while they were still being proud about their victory, there came the first big Civ test—and Garibaldi and her red-shirts had quite a little skirmish—filibusters and all. They all came through with fairly nice colors—if not flying ones! They chalked up another victory, this time in the field of sports—they won the Hockey Tournament, and later on they won the Volleyball Tournament, too.

Interspersed with all of these exciting things were a few necessary evils. For you see, like all other classes, this class was almost void of money. So for money-making projects they sold Coker notes, Coker shirts, and stationary. They even ran the projector for the Saturday night movies. With a dollar here and a dollar there, they pulled through.

Some of the Seniors made Who's Who, and some of them made What's What? Four of them were asked to join the other three Senior members in Sophiades. The others were real proud of them.

Time marched on and before they knew it they were in the midst of pandemonium—exams . . . Teacher's Exams, Graduate Record Exams, Civil Service Exams—exams, exams, exams. And then, for a while it was all over, and they could sit back and relax.

But in March, they had to present the Senior play—*Arsenic and Old Lace*. That was a lot of fun, but it almost drove a few of them crazy. . . (pardon, crazier). Anyway, the play was a great big success.

Then one weekend they all sneaked off when nobody 'cept some juniors, and sophomores and freshmen knew that they were going; they called that Sneak Weekend. While they were on their weekend they really let their hair down—they figured that they didn't have to be dignified among themselves too much.

Well, time kept flying by, and these people were having all sorts of fun. Some more exams came, and finally one day everybody in the whole school put on a white dress for an event caled Class Day. This meant that these Seniors were getting ready to leave a place for some new Seniors.

Then the very next day they all put on their robes, caps and gowns for the last time and went to the Auditorium to get their diplomas. This was a big day for the Seniors, for it meant that a whole lot of them would be going on to da all sorts of wonderful things, but they were very sad. These little freshmen had grown to be Seniors. They loved their old home, and although they were supposed to be grown up, now that they were getting diplomas, they were really freshmen at heart—and would always be.

Barbara Finch

Arsenic and Old Lace was a big success . . . with Nancy as Dr. Herman Einstein; Liz as Jonathan Brewster; Peggy as Martha Brewster; and Frankie as Abby Brewster. . . .

There were the lesser superlatives chosen after the greater ones and Faye, Jan, and Joyce see that they are posted on the Senior Hall blackboard. . . .

SENIOR HALL

Prayer group on Senior Hall brought everyone to Ward and Lib's room.

MARY OATES, President; PAT WEBSTER, Secretary-Treasurer; MISS NEWELL, Sponsor.

"How's this for advertising our play?"

The Juniors

The Juniors . . .

JENNIE LEE BARRINGER
English

FRANCES BISHOP
Elementary Education

ANN BOATWRIGHT
English

BETTY CAMPBELL
Business Education

CONSTANCE CASTANES
Business Education

JANE COLLINS
Elementary Education

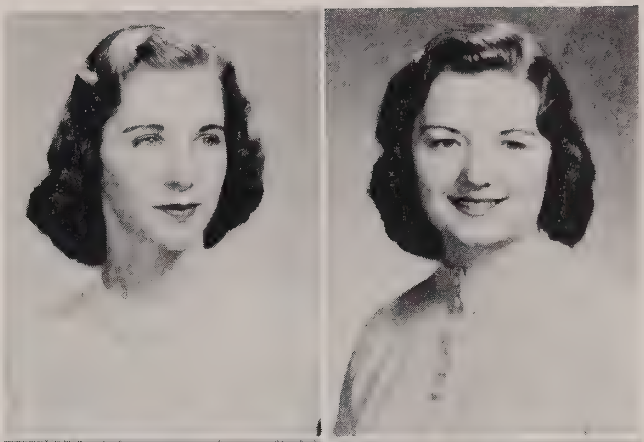
BETTY ANN DANDRIDGE
Business Education

DOROTHY DOWLING
Music-Voice

. . . Class of 1957

ANNE DuBOSE
Business Education

MARIAN DUKE
English



SUZANNE DuRANT
Biology

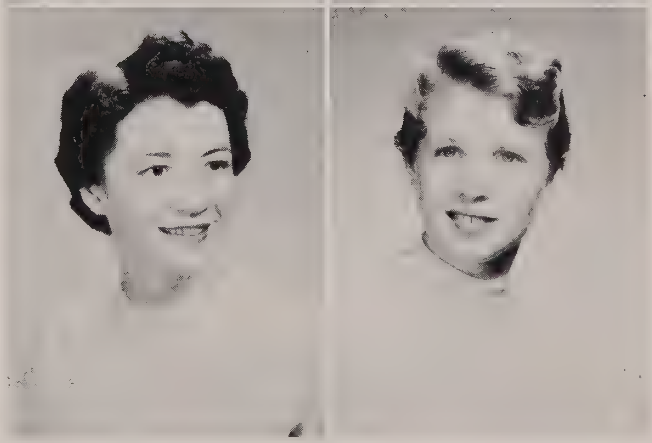
SLLVIA GRAHAM
Christian Education

PATSY HOSEY
Elementary Education

MARJORIE JAVADI
English

MARY KAY
Elementary Education
French

VIVI KIRK
Buiness Education



The Juniors . . .

MARY McDONALD
English

SYLVIA McELMURRAY
Elementary Education

ANNE McGUIRT
Business Education

JERRY MIXON
History

MARY OATES
Elementary Education

LOUISE PRICE
Business Education

CHARLOTTE REAVES
Business Education

VIVIAN RUTHVEN
Business Education

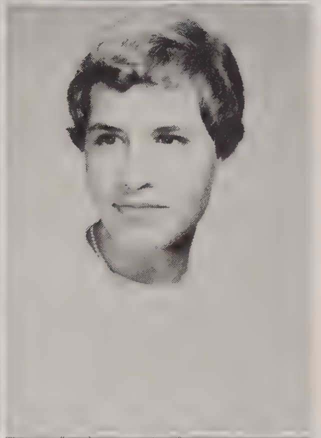
. . . Class of 1957

LUCILE SWAILS
Elementary Education

DERRICK THOMAS
Biology

JOYCE TYNER
Business Education

PRISCILLA UMBERS
English



PATRICIA WEBSTER
Biology

MARIAN WHITE
Business Education

DIXIE WHITTINGTON
Business Education

LYNN WILLIAMS
Business Educaiton

OLIN WILLIAMS
Business Education

Junior Class History

Here we were, Juniors at last. All thirty-one of us! Now we could have all of those upperclassmen's privileges —we could sign ourselves out; we could roam the halls after 11:00 P. M.; and we now had so many mid-weeks that we even spent them listening to Civ. records in the library.

We shall say it was quantity that caused us to be somewhat of a failure; after the Song Contest, we realized for the third time that we couldn't sing. On the other hand quality enabled us to gather together a hockey, volleyball, and basketball team. We even won a hockey game.

For the annual junior play, we decided to be novel and present a Greek Tragedy. But Socrates had a way of using men in his tragedies. Let's face it, there was a scarcity of men at Coker. However, we drafted a couple of male faculty members plus a male student and the play got underway. With Miss Newell's careful direction, we finally learned enough of our parts that the ad libbing made some sense and the curtain rose on *Antigone.*

Thanksgiving found us very thankful . . . only 14 months 'til graduation. We surely felt our higher position in school because what had once been a rumor was now an actuality—those dreaded "Junior Civ. Tests." Why should we care if Marie de Medici picked Richelieu to be Louis XIII's regent? It was truly Greek, or should we say "Boubarian."

The Christmas season brought many sparkles to our eyes as well as to some left hands. Among the more fortunate were Pat Hosey and Vivian Ruthven. Sylvia McElmurray even found a bright object in her mailbox. While the beaus of Marian Duke, Vivi Kirk, Ann McGuirt, Priscilla Umbers and Marian White had honored them with pins of romantic significance, most of us had to content ourselves with the "safety" variety.

Exams came and finally went, and all of us pulled through. Next semester we promised ourselves to catch up and make all "A's"—roomcare, too! Spring soon ventured in and all were drugged with a terrible dose of "spring fever." Juniors couldn't loaf long, though, because Junior-Senior time drew near. Scraping all our pennies in a little pile, we prepared to entertain the seniors in fine style. We enjoyed it and we hope the Seniors did also.

We even had a few brains in our class. Ann Boatwright, Suzanne DuRant, and Vivian Ruthven were tapped by Sophiades. Weren't we proud of them? Idalyn Stoll, one of our ex-classmates, also was tapped on the Senior level. (Look out, Seniors, we still claim her, too.) When "Who's Who" members were announced, Ann Boatwright was right in the midst of that select group.

Everything in May seemed May—May Day and Billy May, both were wonderful; but our eyes were turned toward graduation. Here we sadly waved our good-byes to our Superiors and some of our old members—Sally Banks, Carlene Myers, Idalyn Stoll, Marian Tyner, Frances Whittle, and Summers Ulmer. They were just too smart for us. To ease the pain of their leaving, we were robed in our caps and gowns; upon our fingers, right hands, we could see class rings. Now, we were Seniors for real!

Jennie Lee Barringer

LEFT TO RIGHT: Sylvia, Anne, Mary, and Frances get ready to decorate for Junior-Senior . . . "Antigone" (Ann Boatwright) tells the King (Mr. Colbert) what she thinks of him . . . Mary and Suzanne investigate a noise in the Morgue.

MR. COLBERT, Sponsor; LINDA GAUSE, Secretary-Treasurer; ANNETTE COOKE, President; MARY CATHERINE BOLAND, Sophomore Representative on Joint Council.

"What will our next project be? We have to have some money!"

The Sophomores

ELEANOR BALLARD

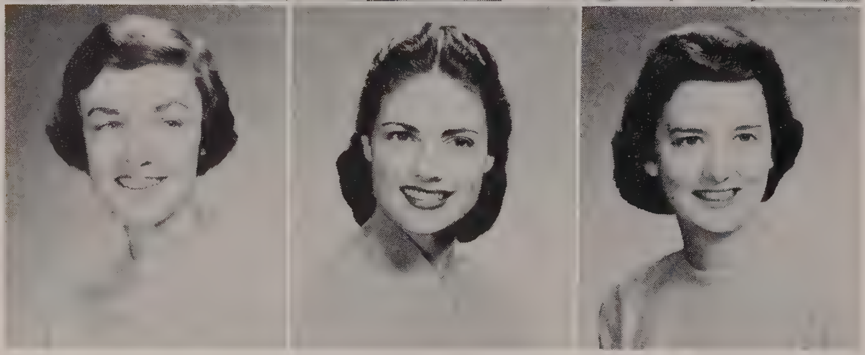
BETTY BARNES

VIRGINIA BLAKENEY

MARY CATHERINE BOLAND

CONSTANCE BOOKER

THOMAS BOONE



VIRGINIA HALL BRINSON

MARTHA DEAN CHESTNUT

PATRICIA CLARK

The Sophomores . . .

BETTY CONNOR

ANNETTE COOKE

SUZANNE CURRIER

BERTHA MAYE DROSE

PEGGY DURHAM

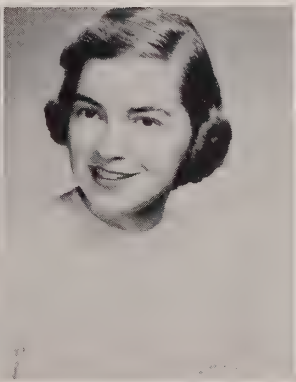
ALTON FINKLEA
VIRGINIA FOXWORTH
LINDA GAUSE

ANNETTE GRAHAM
BARBARA GRAHAM
FRANCES GURLEY

PATRICIA HAMILTON
MARY HARVEY
SUSAN HOLROYD

. . . *Class of 1958*

JANE HOWIE

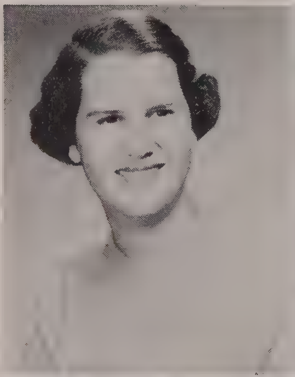
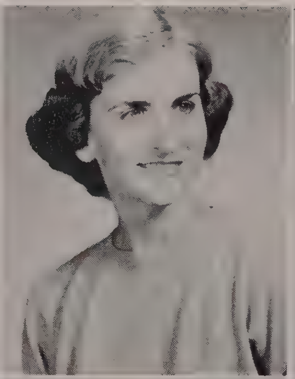


ELAINE JOHNSON

HAZEL JOHNSON

BEVERLY JONES

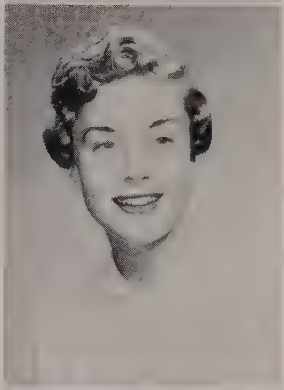
HELEN KOLB

MARJEAN LANE

HELEN LEE

FRANCES LIGON



DOLORES McCRACKEN

JOANNE McFADDIN

MARIAN McKNIGHT

BETH OWENS

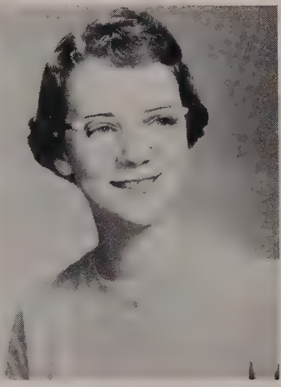
LUCILE PARKER

ELEANOR BLANCHE POWERS

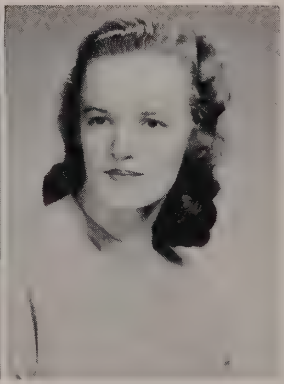
The Sophomores . . .

CAROL LEE
PRIDGEN

PEGGY
STOGNER



EMMA KATE
THOMASON



MARTHA ANN
YARBOROUGH

PATRICIA ANDERSON
Secretarial Science
SARAH COLEMAN BURGESS
Secretarial Science
NANCY CALHOUN
Secretarial Science

SHIRLEY CATOE
Secretarial Science
KATHRYN CHASTAIN
Secretarial Science
BARBARA FOCHT
Secretarial Science

LOUISE HARPER
Secretarial Science
PATRICIA HEUSTESS
Secretarial Science
NORA ANN JAMES
Secretarial Science

. . . Class of 1958

NOT PICTURED:
JEANETTE WALTERS
Secretarial Science
ANNIE M. SMITH

YVONNE RAFTELIS
Secretarial Science

BETTY ROBERTS
Secretarial Science

GENE TOWNSEND
Secretarial Science

Sophomore Class History

It is said that a Sophomore is "wise and foolish." This article is nothing more than an extended statement of the fact.

As a class we first showed our superior wisdom when we elected Mr. Colbert as our class sponsor and (thanks to his guiding hand) gave the Seniors a shrimp supper. Such fun for the shrimp lovers. We also thought it would be a wise idea to have cheerleaders for our class teams; further, it seemed logical that the more we had, the more success our teams would have. So we chose half a dozen who yelled us on the victory as runners-up in the hockey tournament and winners of the basketball tournament. Obviously the teams also did their part.

There are many other ways in which we distinguished ourselves. For instance, we claim two beauty queens: Martha Dean Chestnut, who is Miss South Carolina, and Marion McKnight, who is Miss Hartsville and Coker College Beauty Queen. They're roommates, too. Imagine all that beauty concentrated in only 216 square feet. (That measurement is correct. A certain girl crawled all over the floor with a *foot* ruler just to check it.) We also devised and perfected a unique musical combo, the most able Bottle Band. This group was introduced to the public at the Hockey Banquet. In keeping with the gaity of the season we costumed them in the very latest red and white stripped nightshirts. We also became the first class to sponsor a movie at the Berry to help the state of our Exchequer. After many hours of deliberation we selected a fairy tale, "The Glass Slipper," knowing in our wisdom that it was the type of movie that would draw a large crowd. (We were right, too, but we didn't make much money.)

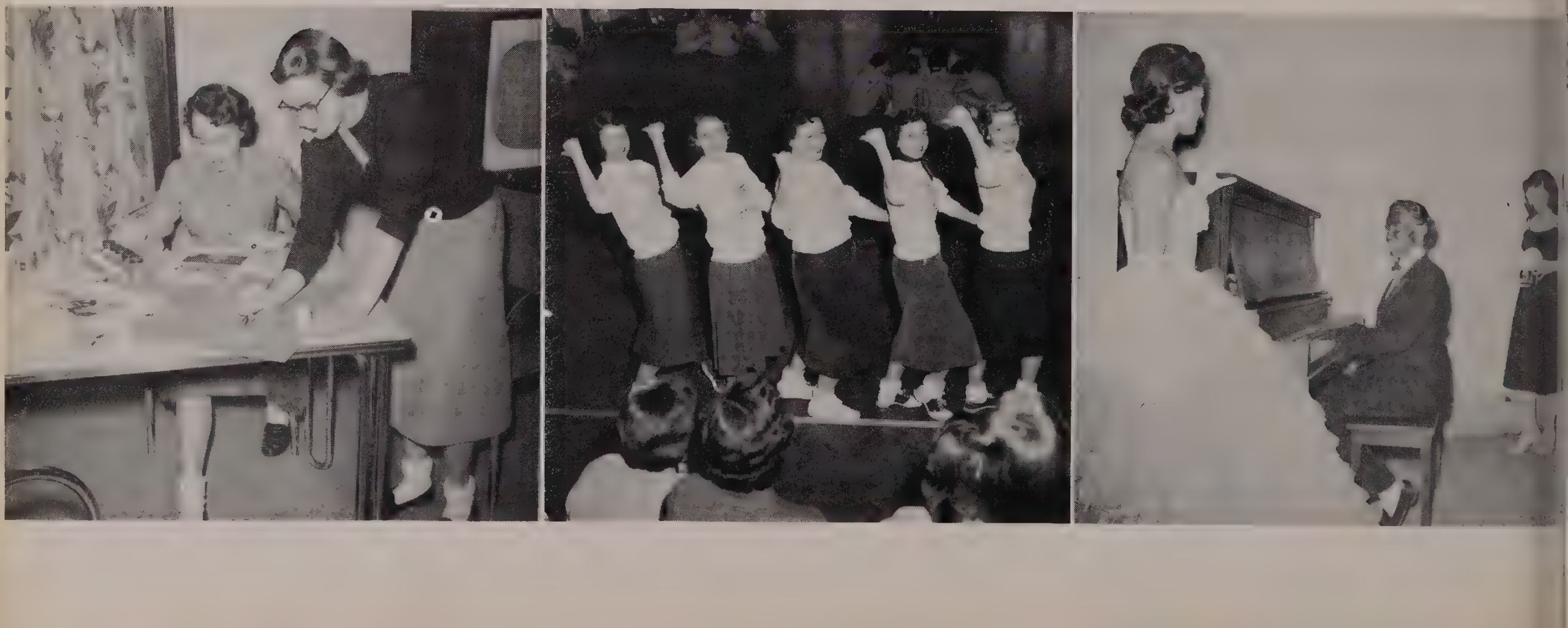
Of course this Sophomore year was the first time we had a real opportunity to belong to school organizations—and (we don't mean to brag) we are now quite well represented on everything. There are Sophomores on Joint Council, Student Council, Athletic Council, Christian Council, and all the denominational councils. Go to any meeting of Sigma Tau Delta, Chi Beta Epsilon, I. R. C., Glee Club, Dance Committee, the Sophomore Executive Committee, or the Honor Basketball and Hockey Teams, and what do you find? Sophomores! ('Twas inevitable.)

We also have our foolish side. For instance: In a certain room there is a lovely tropical plant to which is attached a note saying that Aunt So-and-So sent it with love and all that stuff. Now where do you think certain class members dug that plant up? And then one day some gals decided to rent a bike and take a ride; and after touring Hartsville, they developed a terrible thirst. They had no money for cokes (as bikes rent for ten cents an hour) so they simply waded in the reflection pool, picking up all the coins which had been tossed in. (Maybe there's no difference between a pool and a fountain for this purpose.)

Of course, there were the usual practical jokes, but the ones that backfired were the most fun. Jane Howie maliciously aided in the writing of a mushy letter to a boy at Carolina, thinking that a friend's name would be signed. The letter was mailed with Jane's signature attached. And Nancy Calhoun vowed she'd leave Coker if she ever saw a roach in her room. Bet that expression on her face when she found the one that Mary Kay put on her pillow was a honey!

Actually, we have improved. We no longer play ghost, or hide alarm clocks set to go off in the middle of the night, and Carol Lee and Bert don't wake people in the wee small hours to feed them stale marshmallows. You see, age is bringing us to maturity.

Virginia Hall Brinson



Bert and Jane work on posters for "The Glass Slipper" . . . Beth, Betty, Kat, Delores and Marian cheer the Sophs on to victory . . . "Molly D.," Mary, and Carol work on The Skit.

PATSY MAXWELL, Freshman Representative on Student Council; BETTY CRAWFORD, President; CYNTHIA SULLIVAN, Secretary-Treasurer; Mrs. SISSON, Sponsor.

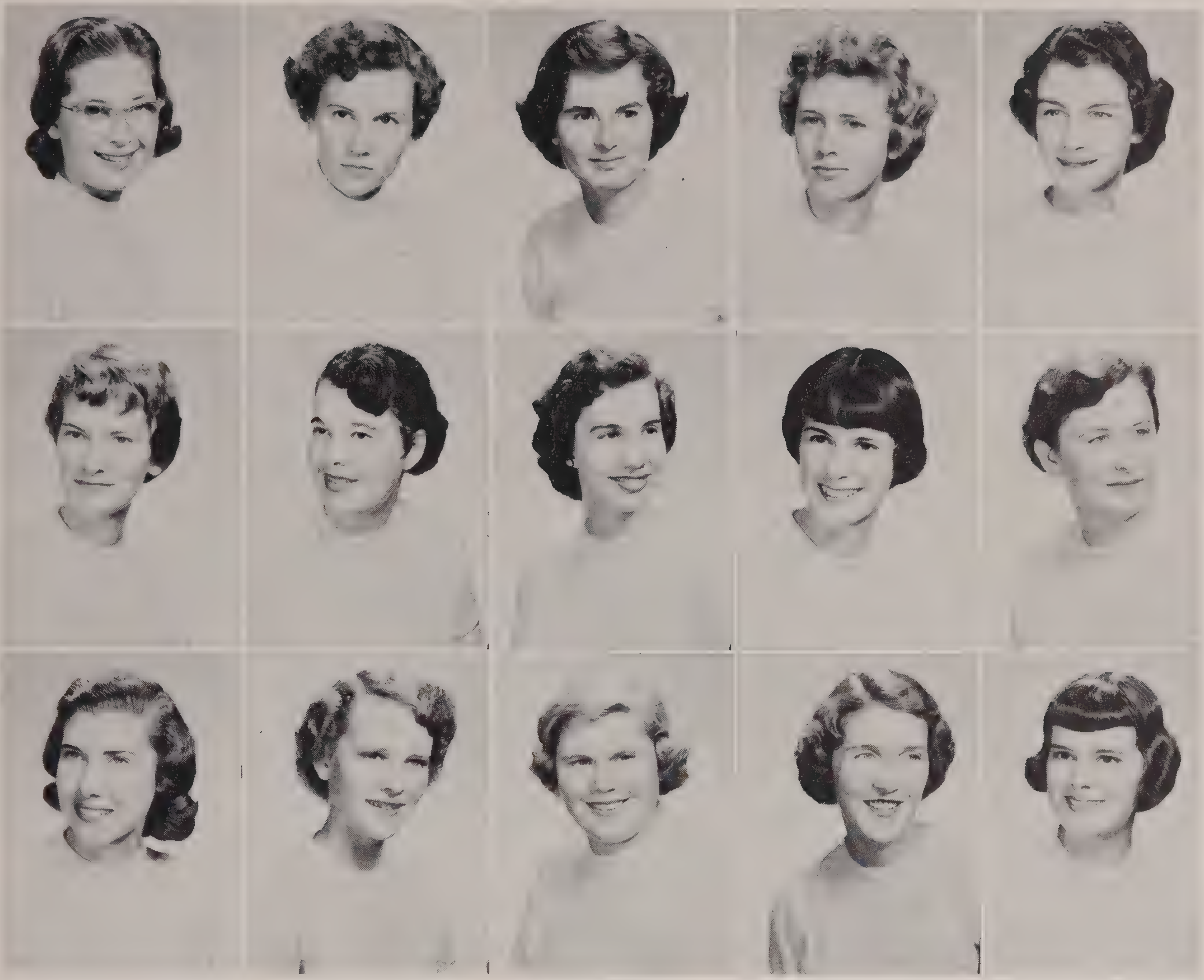
"We ought to make a million on these Christmas present tags!"

The Freshmen

LUCY ALLEN	ELINOR ASKINS	LENORAH BAGGETT	HORACE BEASLEY	JO ANN BELL
MARTHA NELL BOUKNIGHT	LYNETTE BRINSON	CAMELLIA CHINNES	RUTH ANN CLIFF	BARBARA CLIFTON
BONNIE CONE	MYRTLE CONE	BETTY CRAWFORD	PATRICIA CRAWFORD	MOLLY CREADICK

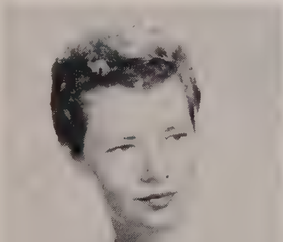
The Freshmen . . .

ANNE DAVIS	DONNA DAVIS	BARBARA DIBBLE	HARRIET ELMORE	BARBARA EZELL

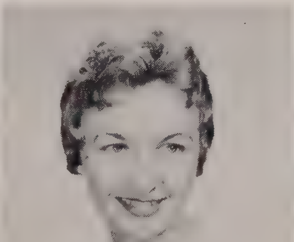


PATRICIA FISHER	JERRY FLOYD	JO ANNE FOX	MARY ALMA GEE	ANGELYN GRAINGER
MARCIA GREEN	FAYE GURLEY	MILDRED ANN HELMS	MARY HOLMES	JUNE HUGGINS
MARY KAY HUGGINS	SARAH ISENHOUR	MARTHA JACKSON	MARILYN JOHNSTON	POLLY JORDAN

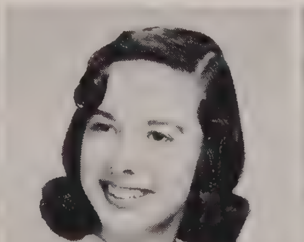
. . . Class of 1959



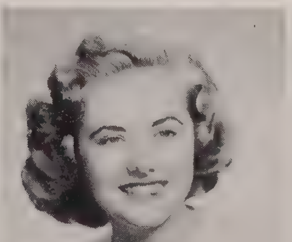
DORIS ANNE JOYE



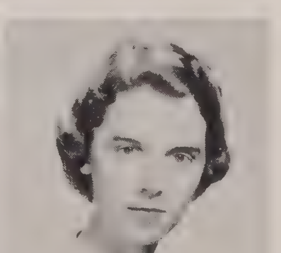
NANCY KING



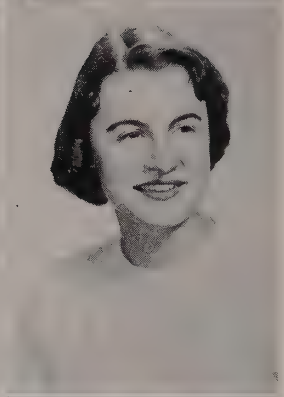
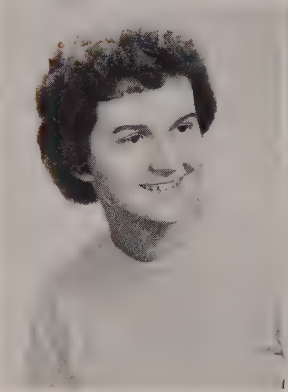
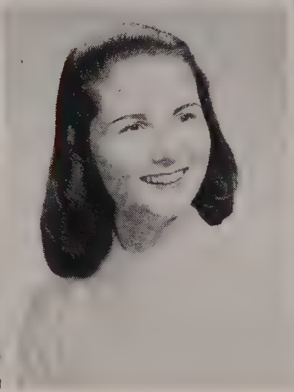
DORIS KIRK



BILLIE KISSANE



CORINNE KOLB

SHIRLEY LAND   RUBY FAYE LAWRIMORE   SARA JEAN LONG   MARAGARET LOVELACE   LOUISE McCORMICK

CATHERINE McCOY   FRANCES McCREIGHT   FRANCES McLESTER   LAURENS McMASTER   DORIS MAXWELL

PATRICIA MAXWELL   HOLLY MIMS   FRANCES MOORE   REBECCA MOORE   MARY LOU MURRAY

The Freshmen . . .

CORA SUE NASH   PATSY NORRIS   CAROLYN NORWOOD   MARY LYNN PATTEN

SYLVIA PENNELL — PAMELA PENNINGTON — NANCY PHILLIPS — BARBARA RONEY — MARGARET SEGARS

SANDRA SHAW — GESSNER SNOWDEN — JANE STRADER — CYNTHIA SULLIVAN — JOYCE TOLSON

GLORIA TRULUCK — PATSY TYNER — ELIZABETH VAUSE — JOAN WATT — PEGGY WEST

. . . Class of 1959

NOT PICTURED

Lamar Caldwell
Maurice Gainey
Betty Jean Gilbert
Francis Green
Charles Hucks
Vera Mercer
Mary Oliver
Sylvia Snipes
Keith Taylor
Virginia Vroom
Sylvia Watts
Jacquelynne Wilson

ELIZABETH WHITTLE

VANCE WILLIAMS

GERRY WILLIAMSON

JEAN YOUNGBLOOD

Freshman Class History

A bunch of forlorn girls. That was us—the day our Mamas left us at Coker. Some of us were persuaded to come, same had to be dragged, but a few came quite willingly. What were we doing here? What did we know about college life? Nothing, absolutely nothing, we were *freshmen.*

We were kept pretty busy with parties, movies, and swimming those first few days—so we wouldn't get homesick, I think. Nevertheless we got kinda blue at times. You know the old saying "Misery loves company?" Well, speaking from experience, we freshmen can tell you that truer words have not yet been spoken!

When classes started we were never so dumbfounded as when we learned that there were homework assignments for the very next classes! Who did these teachers think we were? (Students?) Classes weren't too bad, though. We even came to like some of our teachers.

The Hobo Party in the gym was the beginning of our initiation! Everybody wore a ragged costume and paraded in a circle so the judges could see which of us really looked like a hobo. Margaret Segars was crowned King of the Hobos and Pam Pennington and Fran Moore, who went as Siamese twins, were crowned Co-Queens.

Some of the upperclassmen must have thought that we were feeling at home before we were supposed to, because there are only two words that I can say concerning the initiation that followed the Hobo Party. No comment!

The days moved rapidly and believe it or not, we were learning something. We became acquainted with frogs and spiders and worms and cockleburs the day our Biology Professor took us on a field trip—our first Civ test braced us against the rest of college life—and some of us learned the hard way that it's best not to hide in closets during a Required Function.

When October rolled around we no longer had our minds on classes for we were excited about our first college dance. We had almost as much fun helping put up decorations as we had dancing.

With Mrs. Sisson as our freshman class sponsor, we began our practicing for the Song Contest. It was very plain at our first practice that we had a lot of work ahead. We practiced and we practiced and pretty soon some of us knew all three verses of the Alma Mater. It took only one practice to learn the words to our pep song, and we thought it was really cute. We were full of vim and vigor when the day of the contest arrived, and were breathless and nervous until the judges handed in their decision. Soon, we were yelling to the tops of our voices for we, the Freshmen Class of 1956, with Lauran McMaster as accompanist and JoAnne Fox as director, had won the trophy for the singing of the Alma Mater. It took a good bit to deflate our swelled heads!

November arrived and we learned that our successful class was well represented on the Academic Probation list. But the Beauty-Cutie Contest held that month helped inflate our egos, because so many of us were chosen to represent the various clubs. The Hockey Tournament and Banquet were just before Thanksgiving. There were seven honor members from our class! Cynthia Sullivan, Polly Jordan, Lenorah Baggett, Doris Kirk, Betty Crawford, Billie Jewell Kissane, and Sylvia Pennell walked away with the honors.

After Thanksgiving holidays we elected Donna Davis and Shirley Land as representatives from the Freshman Class to Christian Council. Camellia Chinnes and Barbara Dibble were elected to Athletic Council, and in the midst of all these goings-on we elected class officers: Betty Crawford, President; Cynthia Sullivan, Secretary; and Patsy Maxwell, Student Council Representative.

The Beauty-Cutie Contest winners, announced at the Christmas Dance, gave us something to brag about. Sara Jean Long was crowned Cutie Queen! Fran Moore and Nancy King were in the Cutie Court and Holly Mims, Patsy Norris and Joan Watt were in the Beauty Court.

For a Christmas project, we made Christmas tags out of old Christmas cards to supplement our treasury. We, also, decorated the parlors and porches for Christmas. Everyone worked, and several "original" ideas were used . . . the most successful being the Mistletoe ball (kissing ring) on Richardson.

Finally our Christmas holidays began with two whole weeks at home. The thought of coming back was pushed out of our minds.

Exams came and went. I will not dwell on that subject.

We had fun in February during the Volleyball and Basketball Tournaments. Our class was very co-operative for about three-fourths of us signed up for the Volleyball tournament. We were disappointed when we almost, but not quite, won the Basketball Tournament.

Winter turned into spring and it was election time. We felt that we were practically full-fledged sophomores . . . particularly when the sixteen humble and grateful girls were installed as Freshman Commissioners. A great responsibility rested upon their shoulders, but such an honor accompanied it!

Another freshman project was undertaken in May—we sold cute little May Baskets that we had designed and made. Everyone looked forward to May Day and worked wholeheartedly to make this one the best ever. The May Court was especially pretty with our freshman representatives, Betty Crawford and Donna Davis, contributing the "especially!"

School came to a close after we had had some more exams. A whole year at Coker! We, the graduating class of 1959, had completed one whole school term!

Dean Kuehner had warned us, as freshmen, of the sophomores who thought they knew everything. But we knew better. We were sophomores now and we did know practically everything; but we had respect and consideration for our elders. We would pretend to know nothing and let the Juniors and Seniors display their "knowledge"—after all, they were here first.

Mary Kay Huggins

The fun of decorating Richardson Porch for Christmas.

Pam Pennington and Fran Moore as Siamese "Queen" and Margaret Segars as Hobo King.

Which one of you freshmen got the peanut?

Commissioners and C.C.C.A. Sisters helped Freshmen move in the dorm.

Freshman Commissioners

As she was pinned with the paper pinafore symbolizing the office of Freshman Commisisoner, somehow a lump came into her throat. She couldn't quite realize that she was among the fifteen from the freshman class selected for this honor.

Happily she dressed "rag-tag" for initiation, carried an egg around precariously, and "made like a siren" when someone called "Air Raid!" That night at supper as the out-going commissioners came to their table with a song and a flower for each of them, the lump returned to her throat for a moment.

How can she forget the excitement of choosing plaid material for the pinafores or the thrill of making plans for greeting the freshmen the next year! Perhaps it was then that she fully realized her responsibility as a Commissioner—the importance of helping new students adjust to college life.

It could be that the lump came to her throat for a moment as she stood on the steps of Memorial Dormitory the first day of Orientation Week; but she soon forgot her excitement in the bustle of getting the new students settled in their rooms. That bewildered girl standing among her suitcases and boxes—how she resembled a certain other green freshman last year! And so the commissioner offered her assistance with a smile, carried luggage upstairs, and even stayed to help hang curtains.

What a hectic first week that was! If she wasn't carrying suitcases up to third floor, she was bringing empty boxes down to the basement. There were hours of planning parties for the freshmen, waiting tables in the dining hall, visiting her "little sisters."

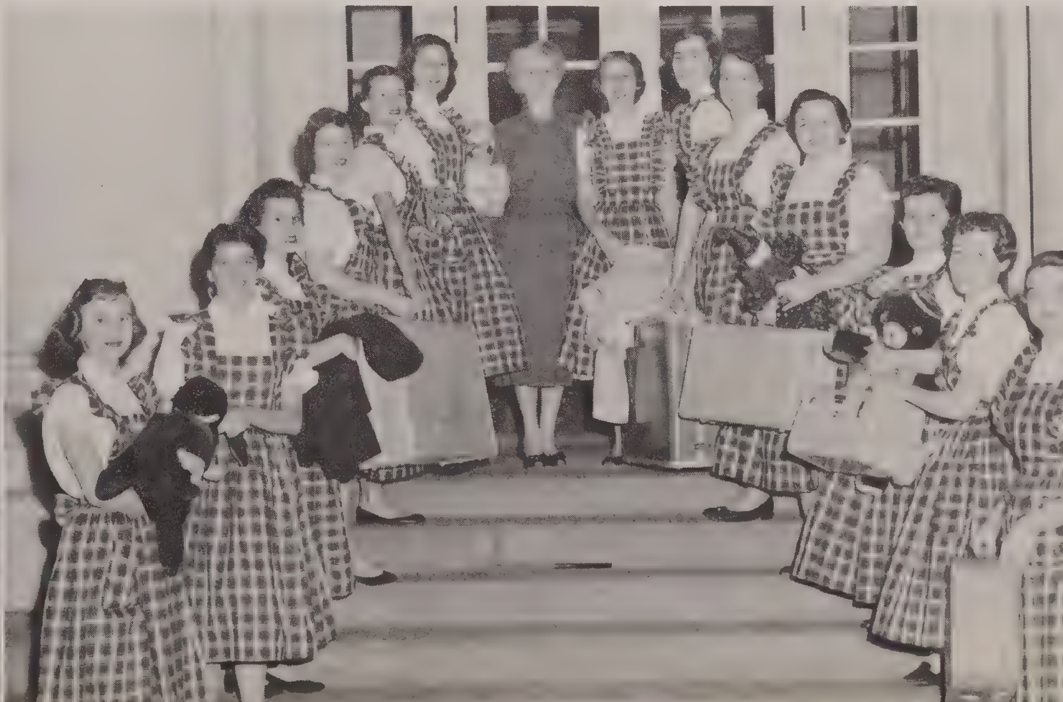
Commissioners posing as members of the K.K.K. pulled these three—Dottie, Sylvia and Sing—up to trial.

There were the quieter moments, too, when she got acquainted with the freshmen and discovered what a wonderful class they were. There were the things she couldn't express—the good feeling from saying the right word to a homesick girl or answering a puzzled freshman's question about college life.

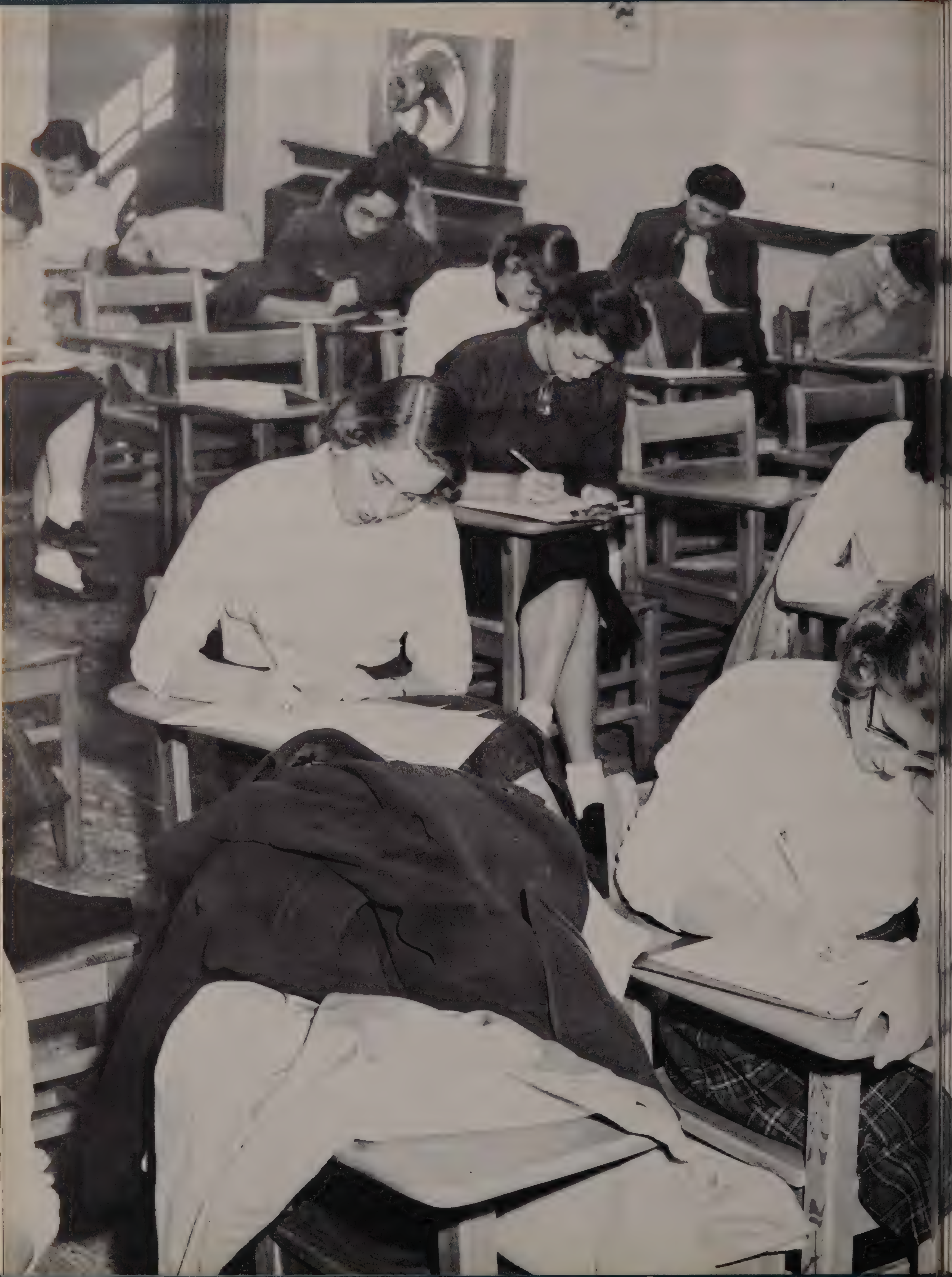
The job of Freshman Commissioner did not end with Orientation Week she soon discovered. The birthday dinner planned by the Commissioners was one of the highlights of the year. The pinafore girls were also in charge of a High School Weekend.

Finally, the day came for the selection of the next year's Commissioners, nominated by the retiring freshman class and Commissioners and elected by Student Council. How proud she was to see some of "her girls" step forward at the ceremony. And as she pinned the pinafore on her little sister, there was that old lump in her throat again.

LEFT TO RIGHT: H. Johnson, Raftelis, Hamilton, Owens, Kolb, Clark, Dr. Grannis—Sponsor, Barnes, Cooke, Drose, Boland, Finch, Stogner, Ligon.



BELOW: Sing, Molly, and Nancy get help on that unpacking from Betty, Chairman of the Commissioners.



Not necessarily an extraction, but sometimes painful

* CLASSES

Dr. Haynes lectures on Literature in Freshmen Civilization.

CIVILIZATION

"And for the next time read pages 264-351 in Gardner"—(or Warnock and Anderson, or Burgess, or Geise). So, off you went to the library and plodded through a merry-go-round of dates, events, pictures and stories, all the while wondering if this course caled Civilization could possibly mean anything to you.

Some years ago a few Coker teachers decided from the evidence placed before them in the form of addled students (with gaps in their memory) that there should be one course that would "tie up" everything that a student was to study in four years of college. The result was Civilization. And oh, how those teachers and guinea-pig students suffered in such an experiment! They worked and discussed and planned, revised and edited, until there was proof in attitudes and examinations that *this* was something to be retained. And Civilization became a permanent part of the curriculum — a cover-all — four-year course which furnished a backbone for all other subjects. But, my, how hard it was for you, the freshman, to see the real worth at first. You didn't know what to expect when they told you you'd have a lecture *and* a class period on the same subject. You soon discovered that lecture meant "to write your hand off" and class meant to thrash out ideas given in lecture. Then you were introduced to Mr. Burgess and Miss Gardener, and you began to wonder if you ought not drop the course. "No, I'm sorry. Everyone MUST take Civ." So you struggled to keep your head up. "No, not three of those chapters on a test at once! I'll never do it!" But you did, and things began to take shape. The dates and events began to spell out the causes and results of the rise and fall of nations. As you sat in the Fine Arts room and listened for hours to some of the world's greatest music, you began to hear more than the melody. The number of chapters on tests rose to four, to six, and still you hang on, sticking your nose further into the book and putting your shoulder closer to the grindstone. You realize you are thinking of things you'd never even dreamed of before. Endless questions, seemingly without answers, arose and its a wonder you weren't rendered permanently dizzy from thrashing around in all those philosophical circles. As you and your suitemates frantically tried to solve all those "new" problems, you became more and more convinced that you really didn't exist after all. You poured over *Art Masterpieces* and noted styles and colors. "Hey, why is this one Rembrandt?" — "It's not!" Uh, oh! Wrong again. But you kept at it, and if the noise at the art table subsided you could hear the click-click of the architecture slides being inserted in the slide machine, and the head, you hoped! Seven chapters on tests now and you almost threw up your hands and said, "That's the last straw!" But you couldn't quit because you were almost there. You'd spent hours in incessant study. You'd read, listened, observed; you'd analyzed and discussed. You had begun "in the beginning" and gone through mythology and factual statistics, had a taste of the science, art, music, religion, and literature of many lands and learned about the lives of the men responsible for these. It has been a blur at first. A lot of work, or note-taking, of concentrating went into your puzzle. You studied your contemporaries, their lives, their conflicts, their problems, and tried to determine the effect they will have on coming generations. When the last piece was in place, you got the picture, clear and complete. Civilization was a developer of the sense, a useful, workable base for any other course you make take up, and an enrichment of your knowledge of life in all its phases.

The song Civ. Test expressed your sentiments exactly, until you realized just what Civ. was meaning to you.

Oh, I am crying, unhappy day,
No more wisecracks—no laughter gay;
Ever since they said those words to me,
"Civ. Test!"

The Java ape man—his home a cave;
He should hear those freshmen rave;
Ever since they said those words to them,
"Civ. Test!"

Austrian succession—it bothers me;
I don't care if Napoleon was a he,
Ever since they said those words to me,
"Civ. Test!"

Ah, Tchaiskovsky—he had a friend,
But as for me? This is the end!
Ever since they said those words to me,
"Civ. Test!"

HISTORY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

"History is that social science whose special province it is to trace social development, showing by concrete examples of successive societies in action what society has been, how society has worked, what the causes and consequences of social action have been, and how society as it is, grew out of society as it was." quote, Dr. Farhner. You, as a history and social science student, were constantly trying to unravel the meaning of this statement. Whether you were studying the Civil War or discussing the problem of juvenile delinquincy, you learned that you must view events and problems objectively.

When you first entered Dr. Farhner's classes, you pondered a rumor you'd heard that if you drop your pencil in lecture, you'd lose a hundred years of history! Somehow you managed to keep up with him; but your hands were thankful when he would tell a story about one of his three favorite topics: William "Extra Billy" Smith, the Navy, or Hawaii.

Several people who passed by Dr. Davidson's Sociology class observed that along with studying the relationships between man and his human environment, you were learning to balance coffee cups and take notes at the same time.

After investigating rivers, mountains, and soil with Mrs. Reynolds in Geography, after having gathered much useful information about the history of our state and nation, and after objectively viewing social behavior, you left the Departments of History and Social Science with a fuller understanding of Dr. Farhner's definition.

ENGLISH AND LITERATURE

As you, a frosh registered at Coker you were told you would take freshman English and were registered for one of Dr. or Mrs. Sisson's classes. It wasn't long before you learned that the main object of the whole course was to teach you how to assimilate the King's English into a readable composition. Some of your first attempts at composition were so bad you had to re-write them to throw them in the waste basket; but after the Sissons had filled the margin of your papers many times with comments and suggestions, you decided that you might learn to write after all.

Left: Jane, Frankie and Frances look at Civ. slides.
Right: Betty works on an English theme.

The William Chambers Coker Science Building

There were book reports! But we had fun too. For the tales of the Sissons' Commonplace Book were interesting and entertaining.

In sophomore English you reviewed the lives and works of some of the greats in English and American literature. Here you met Dr. Haynes and tried to help her sing the early English and American ballads. Remember how crushed you were to find that Shakespeare wrote most of those beautiful love sonnets to a boy? You may have taken Nineteenth Century Prose and Poetry in Dr. Haynes room in North where you could take off your shoes and sit on the floor, or Journalism of Creative Writing under Dr. Sisson. Whatever you studied in the English department you learned the basic essentials and technicalities involved in reading, writing, and understanding the real value of the English language.

Across: Suzanne examines a slide.

Below: Faye works out a problem for Sonoco Products.

SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS

Were you blinded or merely cross-eyed—you wondered as you looked into that odd instrument called a microscope. It took a while to decide. As the days passed in the General Biology Lab. and your eyes became adjusted to the microscope, you got up enough courage to look through the lab manual. If it looked menacing from the outside in its drab gray coat, that was nothing compared to the way it looked on the inside dressed in pages and pages of phyla—animal phyla, plant phyla. You discovered what *phyla* meant in no uncertain terms. After hours of looking at the list of unpronouncable names, you were told to wear your dungarees to class next session because the class was to go on a field trip to the college club. "How nice," you thought, "We're going to have some fun." And fun it was—in spite of all the unexpected meetings with unfriendly spiders and the half-hidden sticks that looked like snakes. Yes, you managed to get a jar full of odds and ends in the forms of bugs, worms, mold, mushroom, and wild flowers. As you crawled over the fence to leave, you were thinking that it wasn't so bad after all.

But the party was over next class session when you found out you had to classify each and every dangerous creature you had captured. Soon enough you were to meet some other new friends who were to help you along the road to scientific knowledge: a grasshopper, a crawfish, an earthworm, and (horrors!) a frog. "Are we really going to—to cut it open?" You were! The formaldehyde burned your eyes and nose. Your lab partner got woozy after the first slash of that awful skin and had to leave; but, soon she came back and together you faced the bitter truth: a frog is one of the things every young college girl should know. But wait, this can't be all, you thought. So you decided to try your hand at Bacteriology, and cultured some growths fearful and wonderful to behold. You stood beside the questionable poet as he ad libbed:

"Still I stared and still the wonder grew
That one small germ could carry all that flu."

You once carried six tiny bottles around all day because the darlings inside couldn't live without fresh water every hour on the hour. In Genetics you set about to discover what had caused the strange combination called 'you'. One look at the greenhouse and you knew you must take Botony too; so you planted and transplanted, crossed and uncrossed, and even grew something uncommon—to say the least—in this territory, a marvelous pineapple.

You dug up the campus several times and thereby became a permanent member of the "College Garden Club." But surprisingly, the campus stayed beautiful. And you were surprised when you discovered that through it all you had actually absorbed a part of what you had studied and had benefited by it.

Having already stepped into the unknown, you decided you couldn't lose anything by investigating the possibilities of the Math Department. So you entered the realm of figures and diagrams through Algebra, Geometry, and Trig. It was interesting and frustrating at times! For instance, there were the hours spent trying to solve a problem, almost getting the answer but not quite. Even more frustrating was to be working a difficult problem, get half through it and clearly see the answer but not the last few steps needed to arrive at it. Then there were those nights after long hours of studying when you would go to bed and see meaningless figures and contorted geometrical shapes scampering across the ceiling.

By and by fate may have exposed another department to you called Physical Sciences. General Chemistry seemed to be first on the list so you checked it off and registered for the course. One of the first problems you came across was: how to light a burner. When you did get the proper size fire going, you set about to do an experiment in glass bending. At least it started out to be glass bending, but it ended up as finger burning with Dr. Vail and his first aid kit nearby. The first time you broke something you became familiar with Dr. Vail's classic statement, "It doesn't bounce, does it?" No, sir, it surely didn't! You discovered there was a shower in the lab in case someone caught on fire. "Does it really work?" It did, and you had to clean up the mess. Then you decided to take a look into the Organic Chemistry lab and came out smelling like rubber aprons or fertilizer or both. You found out that when the book said, "Simply add the acid to the water" you'd better not 'simply add the water to the acid'. You did once, and when the smoke cleared—. And there was always some jokester who would ask to be invited to cocktail hour in organic lab. By the looks of the equipment, they vowed you were distilling something besides ketones. You had to point out their error to them and by way of consolation invite them to have a cup of coffee specially brewed for lab students, in a vial. Hours upon hours were spent trying to analyze a half ounce of fluid. Odors continued to change and increase in intensity. Breakage bills continued to mount up, and you always seemed to break something with three or four hours work in it. Sometimes you didn't exactly get what you started out to produce; once you had to use soap to wash off the soap you had made. All this made you thankful for the various things you had experienced along the way, and you felt like you'd accomplished something. And you truly had.

Mr. Reynolds and Biology students investigate plant and animal life around the College Club.

Left to Right: Fisher, Booker, Maxwell, Land, Mr. Reynolds, Holmes, Myers, Duke.

PRIVATE
PROPERTY

The Administration Building

EDUCATION AND PSYCHOLOGY

You like children, you have patience, and you have a sense of humor. What are you? Why, you are an education major, of course.

After deciding that you wanted to be a teacher, you concentrate on the subjects that you must take as a major in the Education and Psychology Department. In psychology, you studied multiple charts, memorized statistics, and took regular tests on the work you had covered. You developed the habit of analyzing your friends and even began to wonder about yourself. In Dr. Keuhner's classes you studied the function of the school and methods for elementary education.

After many hours of Ed. courses and observing in the Hartsville Schools, you outlined your lessons and prepared to do your practice teaching. You arrived for your first day trembling and fearful but wearing a look of austerity and bravado and were delighted that some of your students thought you were mean. Well, at least you had a few fooled. Maybe you taught in the elementary school where you were asked for numerous dates and had several proposals from seven year olds. With a stout heart you entered Teacher's Exams and sat through four hours of everything you had ever studied in college, and much you hadn't. After that you were convinced—whatever came, as long as you had that teacher's certificate and the wise words of your teachers—you were ready to go out and face the world.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Language is the means of expressing an idea. How often you thought that you'd never be able to express a complete idea in the lake of verb forms and idioms in which you have been thrown. Finding that it was sink or swim you set out for the shore only to find that you didn't learn to swim till you'd learned to paddle. So you paddled around in the shallow waters of basic verb forms, and practice sentences. Gaining courage and skill you were prepared to try your ability in the deeper waters of conversation and composition. Hours were spent searching for the right words and hours more contorting faces so words could be pronounced correctly. Not only did you study the language of the people, you learned some of their customs and part of their history. There was always one student who became convinced that she was majoring in baby French, or a Spanish student who after studying a long while would make the mistake of saying, "Vamos a la show tonight." When you finished your work in the language of your choice, you were convinced that to know and understand another country's language will further friendship and peaceful relationships.

LOWER LEFT: "You wouldn't be going to school, would you, Summers?"

LOWER RIGHT: Claudette learns how it feels to be the teacher.

BUSINESS EDUCATION

Whether you entered the business department as a major or a transient, you were no doubt fascinated by the click-clicks, the buzzes, the hums of the machines, and the quick movement of well-trained hands. You soon found that the order there did not develop at once. When you opened your first semester shorthand book, you thought perhaps the bookstore clerk had given you a textbook in hieroglyphics; but being assured that you had the right book, you set about to conquer this strange scrawl. You nearly drove your roommate crazy constantly writing the outlines in the air. Your introduction to typing was similiar. "You mean I have to reach this hyphen with my little finger?" You probably distorted words like street into such forms as "xtrww" because you got your fingers caught in the keys. But soon enough you began to have some mastery of both subjects. Perhaps you now moved into the field of Office Machines, and the clicks and hums and buzzes began in earnest, and so did you. Do you remember the feeling you had the first time you sat down to type on that speed demon, the electric typewriter? You felt that it was running away from you because each time you moved something appeared on the paper that you had no intention of putting there. How about the day you told the dictaphone to slow down? How silly you felt! In Introduction to Business you studied the different types of businesses, how they were managed, and the regulations that had been placed upon them by certain authorities. In Accounting you worked your way through the work sheets of a practice set. You were told that you were now a bookkeeper for a hypothetical concern which, however, had real problems. Perhaps sometimes you even wished the hpyothetical concern would go hypothetically bankrupt so you'd have no job. Column after column confronted you in your Business Math workbook; and you continued to add, subtract, multiply, and divide until the figures became easier and easier to handle. In Economics you studied the good and bad points of Communism, Socialism, and Capitalism. Business English helped you review your weak points in grammar and gave you some exercise in the composition of business letters. After you had terminated your stay in the abode of buzzes, clicks, and hums, whether a transient or a potential professional, you knew that the work you'd done and the experiences that you'd had would mean a better, more secure position in whatever field you make your permanent residence.

Top Picture: Holly and Catherine try to get that French pronunciation just right.

Middle Picture: Students work with office machines. *Foreground*: Revels, Cantey. *Back Row*: Castanes, DuBose, McGuirt, Chastain.

Lower Picture: Anne learns to operate the mimeograph machines.

The Christian Education and Physical Education Building.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

"Ahem!"

"Starting with Jehu, name the kings of the Northern Kingdom in reverse." How many times, you, as a student of Old Testament became confused when Dr. Ben called on you to recite the kings. While tracing the journeys of the Israelites, you heard Dr. Ben say, "Pin this down so you'll know it Judgement Day," his own unique way of saying that you would have it on the next test.

In New Testament you studied the *Harmony of the Gospels* in recording Christ's life or you may have taken the Teachings of Jesus and become acquainted with the way the conservative, mediating and radical school of Bible criticism interpreted the lessons taught by Christ. To gain further insight you may have studied the Prophets, the Literary Form of the Bible, or the Journeys of Teachings of Paul.

This year instead of having only a major in Religion, the Department of Christian Education was formed to enable girls interested in church work to become fully qualified. Dr. Ben was moved from his "cubby hole" office in the Administration Building to the spacious office and adjoining class rooms formerly occupied by the Business Education Department. For many of us this new major presents an opportunity and a challenge.

ART

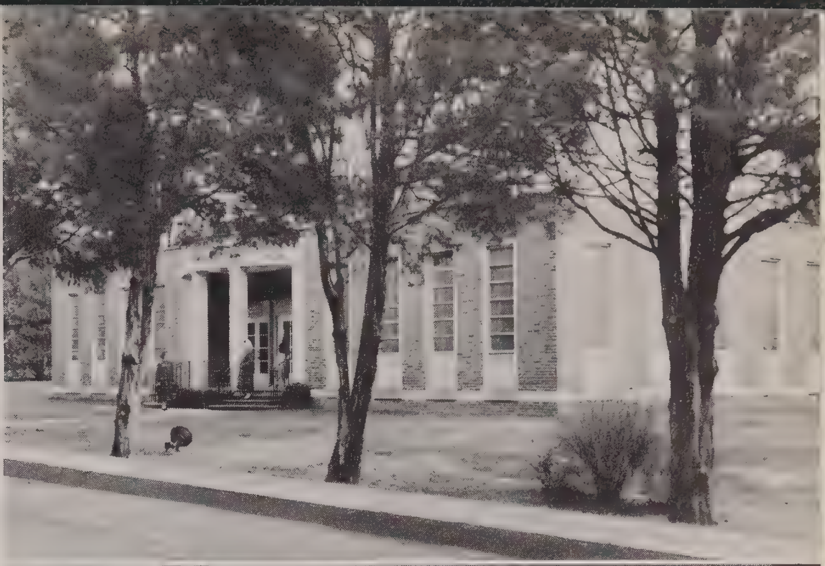
"Why did Ann wear her leotard to Art?" "I've got to sketch her!" The work may not have turned out just as you would have liked it, but you tried. Along with merely the pleasure involved in Art, you discovered a lot about people; why they paint the things they do; how you should wear your make up; how to teach the elementary child to draw. You thought you already knew how to print, but you had a terrible time trying to make those characters look right. You'll probably never forget the portrait painted of you that looked like Barry Fitzgerald! For variety there was clay modeling; and you even made a set of jewelry.

Impressed as you were with this new field of Art, you were more impressed with the patience and insight of Mr. "B". By not telling you exactly how to do everything, you realized that he was encouraging you to develop your own particular talent in the way characteristic only of you.

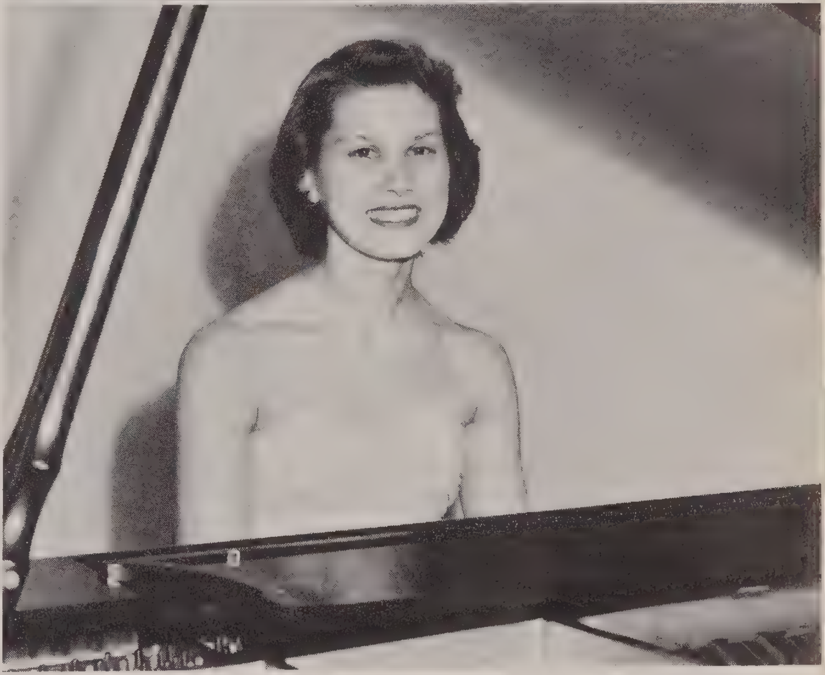
Left: Luke King, a ministerial student, conducts a vesper program.

Below: Frances develops talent at clay modeling.

MUSIC



Housed in a beautiful, modern, air-conditioned building, the Music Department plays a leading role in Coker's educational and cultural life. It offers instruction in piano, voice, organ, and violin to the casual student of music as well as to the music major. Courses in theory, music history, and public school music complete the curriculum. For Coker's budding musicians the music building is the scene of endless hours of practice, theory classes (enlivened by Mr. Smith's jokes), lessons, and recitals. A public senior recital is the culmination of four years of intense study and faithful practice.



The Glee Club is an active part of the Music Department. Under the direction of Mr. Schall, Glee Club members practice faithfully twice a week and spend extra time memorizing music for the Christmas and spring concerts, Coker's Glee Club is also a representative of Coker all over the Carolinas; the Sextette is much in demand as entertainers. The spring tour of the club is the highlight of the year.

The Music Department serves the college community as well as the college itself by offering a variety of musical programs during the year. Visiting artists and choruses are regularly scheduled. Coker's Music Department also offers instruction to younger music students of the community through its Junior School of Music.

Upper Picture: The Margaret Lawton Music Building.
Middle Picture: Pat plays in a piano recital.

THE GLEE CLUB, *First Row*: Hamilton, Stoll, Harper, Johnson, McClam, Powers, McLester, Banks, Maxwell, Anderson, King, Connor, Mr. Schall, Director. *Second Row*: Bishop, Cone, B., Joye, McMaster, Douglass, Duke, Holroyd, West, Land, Askins, Stogner. *Third Row*: Creadick, Davis, Ezell, Focht, Calhoun, Jones, McCormick Helms, Ingram, Dowling, Fox.

Organizations
Sports
Publications
Personalities
A Backward Glance

Indicative of deeds and actions

* DOINGS

SEATED LFFT TO RIGHT: Miss Mills, Faye Baxley, Suzanne DuRant, Dr. Barry. *STANDING*: Vivian Ruthven, Dr. Sisson, Dr. Kuehner, Emma Kate Thomason, Marian Duke, Sylvia Sweet.

Joint and Student Councils

Left: Dr. Ingram plays Santa for the Christmas Party.
Center: "Telephone, 198," Mary calls, as she works for Student Council.
Right: Sylvia rushes Jan in from a date.

Joint Council is the judicial power of Coker's Student Government Association, dealing with major offenses and matters referred by Student Council. This Council also determines student eligibility for participation in extracurricular activities.

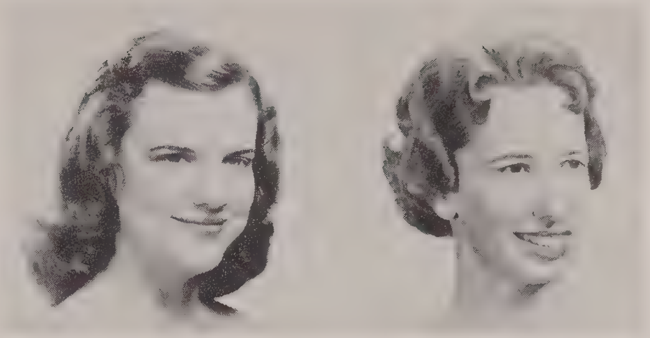
Yet, most important, Joint Council is the meeting ground of faculty and students to form a board for consultation and advice, and to promote the general interests of both student body and faculty, as a college community.

It is seven o'clock on a Monday night, and behind the closed doors of Acree parlor Student Council is in session. Each week this legislative body of Student Government Association meets to discuss problems concerning the regulation of student life. Yet Student Council at Coker is not a police force.

"This organization exists to give student opinion a means of expression," states President Sylvia Sweet. "We hope to help each student realize her own responsibility in upholding Coker's standards of Character, Culture, and Christian Service."

And through the efforts of these our representatives we are assured a voice in the government of our school.

Sometimes in stressing the importance of this major function of Council, we overlook their many other less important but necessary duties. Secretary Marian Duke has a never-ending job in checking our sign-out cards. Student government girls work in sign-out office at night and on weekends—always available for any problems that may arise. Council spends much time in discussing our suggestions, making decisions about minor infringement of rules, granting permisisons during closed study hour, keeping down noise so that others may study, handling midnight "scares" on the halls, conducting mass meeting so that we, the students, may keep informed.

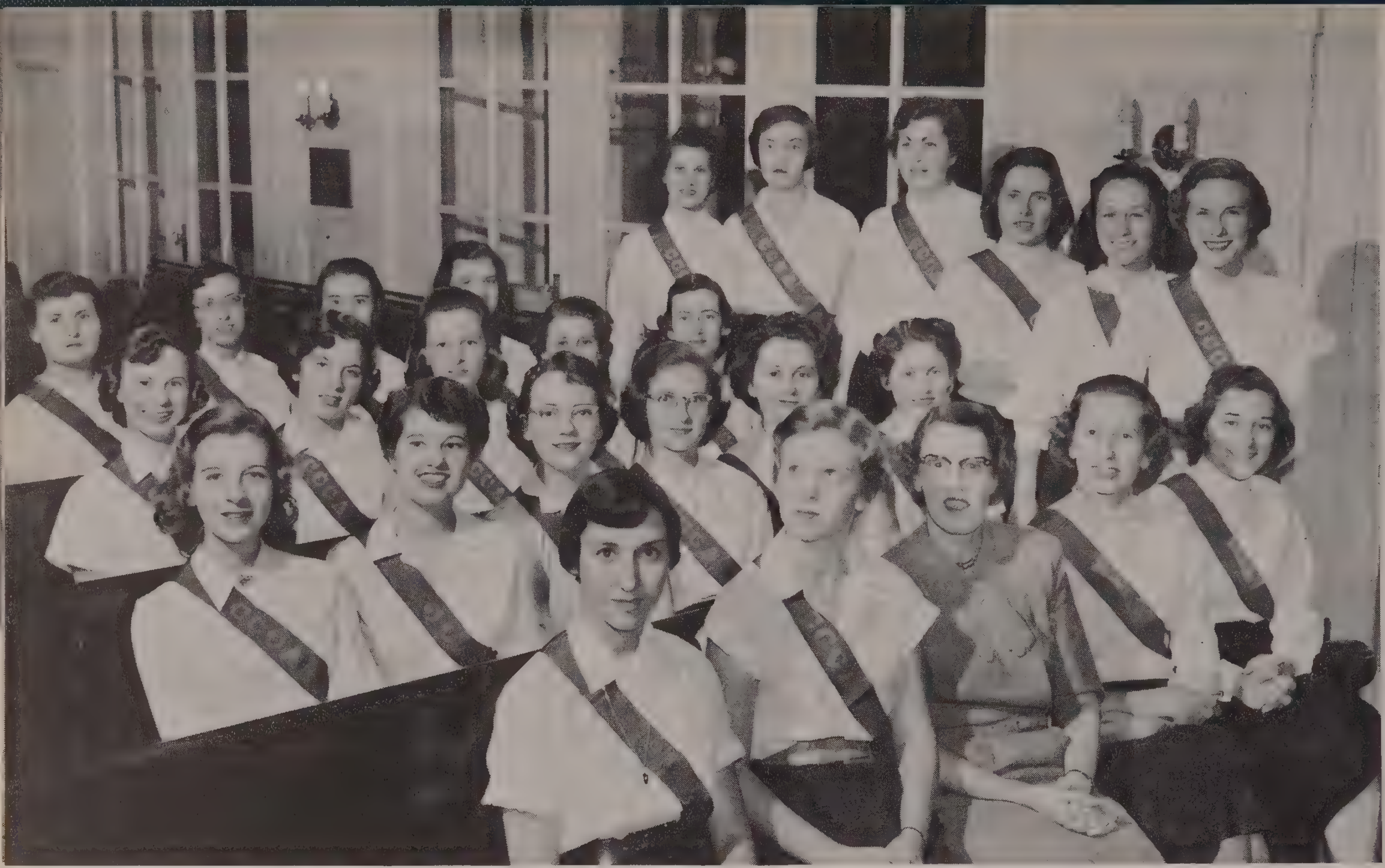


Sylvia Sweet, President of Student Council
Faye Baxley, Chairman of Joint Council

There are the many Council sponsored projects—orientation of the freshmen, publication of the Student Handbook, the Christmas dinner, high school weekends, direction of competition for the President's Cup, a "farewell" picnic in the spring.

Our Student Council does not exist only behind the closed doors of Acree parlor on Monday nights. They are a vital part of every phase of our college life, ready to serve us individually and as a student body.

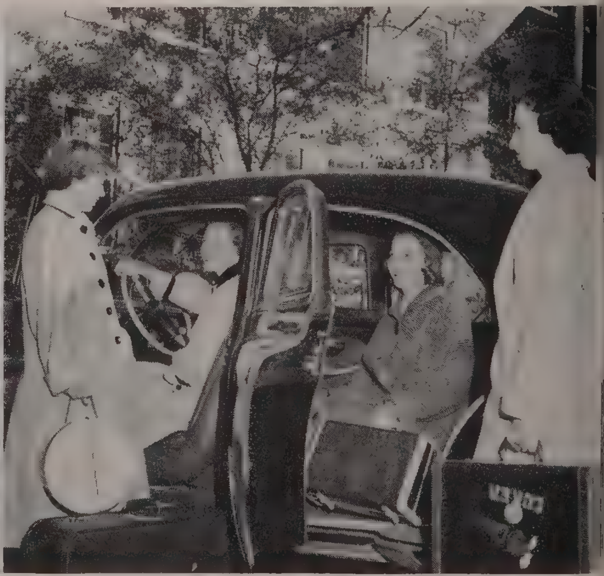
SEATED, left to right: Langford, Degenhardt, Ward, B. Crawford, Duke, Baxley, Myers, Maxwell, Boland, Barnes, Ruthven.
STANDING, left to right: Cook, Sweet, DuRant, Oates.



LEFT TO RIGHT, FIRST ROW: Graham, Kirk, Miss Newell, sponsor, Baxley, Ruthven. *SECOND ROW*: F. Rogers, Frances Gurley, Thomason, Powers. Gause, S. Rodgers. *THIRD ROW*: H. Johnson, Land, D. Davis, Barnes, Kolb. *FOURTH ROW*: Bishop, Douglass, Ulmer, Sweet. *STANDING*: Hamilton, Brinson, Porter, Banks, Stoll, Langford.

Christian Council

Helen, Frances and Shep participate in the Installation Service.



Vivi, Martha, Frankie and Faye leave on a Deputation to Clemson.

"Follow, follow the gleam" . . . White-clad girls enter the darkened auditorium, singing as they come. The lighted candles in their hands shine on their faces and illumine the blue banners across their shoulders labeled "C. C. C. A." The ceremony is completed at the reflection pool as the girls set their tiny lights afloat and join hands in the friendship circle. A new Christian Council is installed.

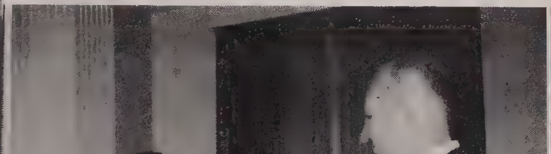
"Holy Spirit, breathe on me" . . . The strains of this prayer song come from kneeling figures in Spivey Chapel on the third floor of the dormitory. The first meeting of Council begins as they join together to lead Christian Association—the entire student body—to a closer fellowship with their classmates and with their God.

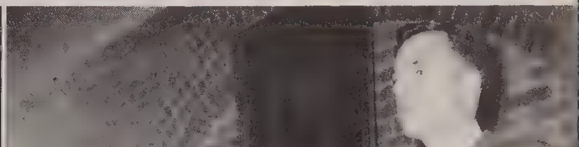
"But the greatest of these is love" . . . Christian Council takes these words from first Corinthians as its theme and weaves them into its program for the year. The song, meditation and prayer of morning and evening watch become important parts of our daily life. Through weekly prayer groups on the halls and visits to the prayer garden with our prayermates we know a deeper fellowship. Wednesday night vespers provides us with thought-provoking programs from our favorite speakers, discussions on "Love, Courtship and Marriage" led by Mrs. Barry, and deputation teams from Clemson, Wofford, Davidson, and Georgia Tech. The Vocational Emphasis program sponsors interesting speakers from various fields. The climax of our Christian experience on campus comes with Religious Emphasis Week. Dr. Fred Poag of Columbia speaks of "Convictions About Christianity" in chapel and at vespers, and answers our problems in discussion groups and personal conferences.

Martha Langford, President

Christian Council continues its service through deputations to other schools and representatives to conferences, by contributing to the World Student Service Fund and the American Foundation for the Blind, by sponsoring a "White Christmas" to aid needy families, through personal services to those in the infirmary, by serving punch during exams, by arriving at school a week early to act as "big sisters" to the freshmen and to honor them with a Hobo Party.

May comes, and Christian Council joins in a friendship circle on Spivey for the last time. But they and their fellow students will long carry in their hearts the words of the parting hymn . . . "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love. The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above."





Vivian and Emma Kate meet Dr. Poag, the Religious Emphasis speaker.

Miss Genevive Chandler, a librarian, talked to us during Vocation Emphasis Series.

Lawrence Beale, from Georgia Tech conducts a vesper program.

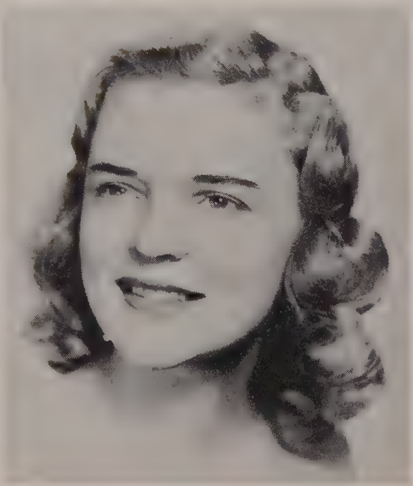
SEATED, left to right: Lowrimore, Degenhardt, Bishop, Savvas, Ulmer, Parker, Miss Moody—sponsor, Plowden.
STANDING: Dibble, Blakeney, Kolb, Owens, Ward, Chinnes, Drose, Stogner, Ruthven.

Athletic Council

As freshmen we discovered that all students are automatically members of the Athletic Association, under the direction of Athletic Council. A picnic at the Country Club and the hockey tournament were Council sponsored events of the fall. With great anticipation we awaited the volleyball, basketball, tennis, archery, and recreational games tournaments which followed throughout the year.

On several occasions high school groups gathered at Coker for "Play Days," directed by Council. This year, for the first time in many years, Coker was host for "College Play Day."

Giving athletic awards for participation in athletic events was a highlight of the year, but the May Day activities climax Athletic Council work. The pageantry of the coronation, the beauty of the dances, the breathless suspense of the crew races, the excitement of the tennis doubles, the skill of the swim meet were the results of the efforts of our Athletic Council.

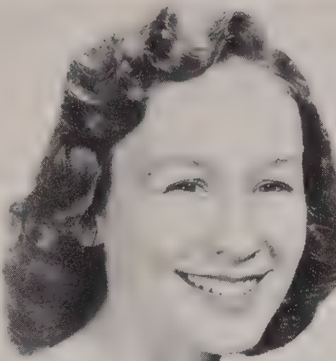


Liz Degenhardt, President

Helen and Liz dish out chicken at the annual picnic.

Faye moves in for Coker to get that ball from Winthrop.

Roses for Barbara and Frances from Idalyn at the Initiation Service.



Idalyn Stoll, President

Betty pantomimes a story.

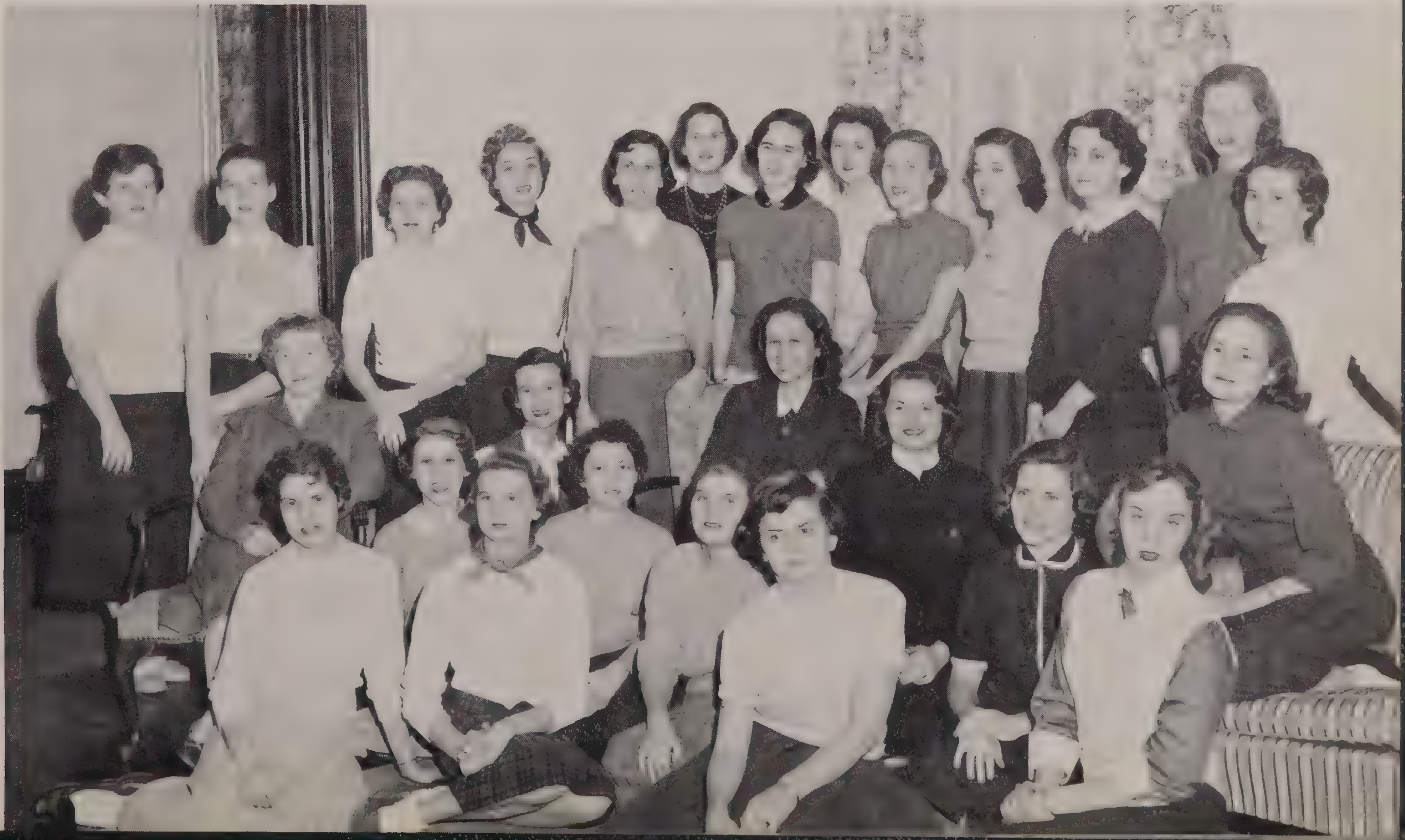
Sigma Tau Delta

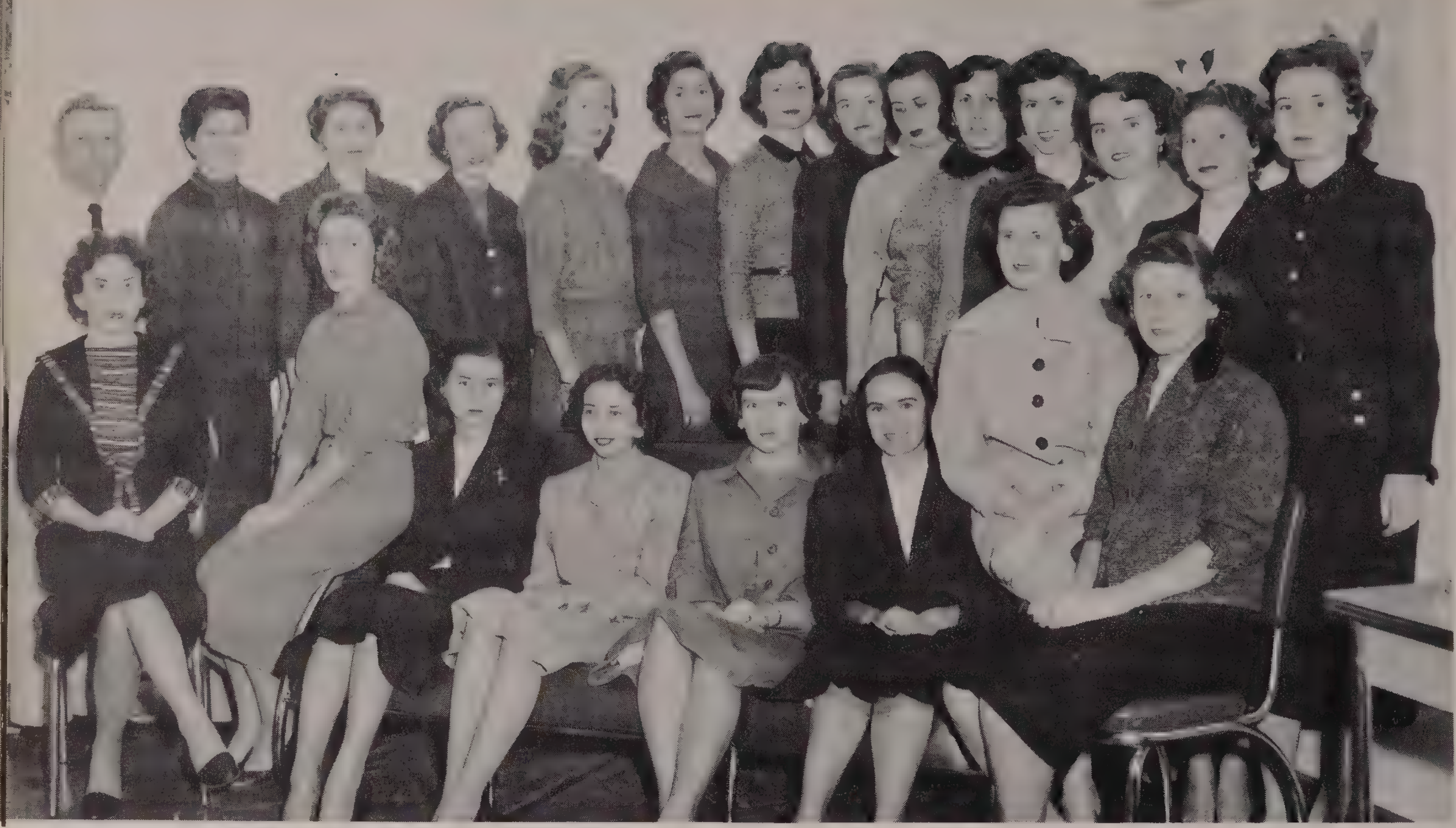
The drawing room is dimly lighted, barely outlining the figures seated in the shadows. On a table in the center of the room stands a vase of red roses, illuminated by slender red candles: —"Sincerity, Truth, Design."— The evening-gowned initiates before the tables repeat the national motto and become members of Sigma Tau Delta.

Sigma Tau Delta is Coker's English Club, and is the Pi Gamma Chapter of the national organization. The club seeks to encourage interest in literature and creative writing by sponsoring speakers of literary note, contributing to the *Rectangle*—the national club magazine—and giving an award to the best freshman English student of the year.

Sigma Tau Delta is also sponsor of the annual Literary Festival, which features some phase of the literary world with outstanding authors in this field as guest speakers. This year "The Newspaper" was featured at the Festival.

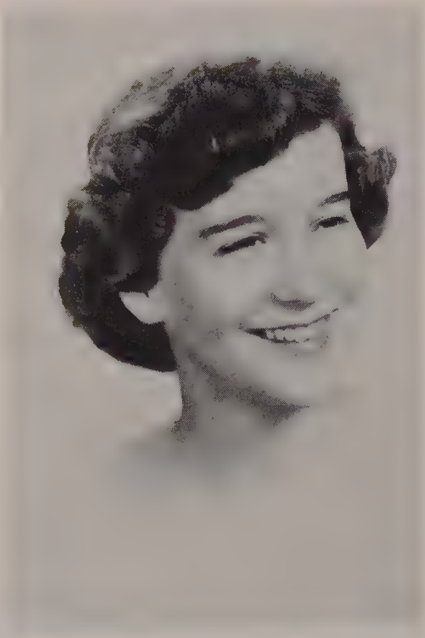
SEATED: Haynes—Sponsor, B. Graham, Barnes, Ligon, Kolb, Kay, J. Johnston, Collins, Stoll, Duke, Banks, Focht, Boatwright.
STANDING: Finch, F. Rogers, Williams, McKnight, White, Lane, Cooke, Gause, Langford, Ruthven, Castanes, Myers, Plowden.





SEATED: M. Tyner, Cantey, McClimon—Sponsor, Blackmon, Whittle, N. J. Johnson, J. King, Harper.
STANDING: O. Williams, Raftelis, Peeples, Langford, Myers, J. Locklear, Joyce, Allsbrook, Burgess, White, Whittington, Price, L. Williams, James.

Chi Beta Epsilon



Frances Whittle, President

What are the necessary qualifications for various positions in the business world? How can a student best prepare to meet these requirements? What problems confront a young person entering this field today?

These and many other important questions are discussed when the business minds of the student body get together at the meetings of Chi Beta Epsilon. This is Coker's business fraternity, comprised of Business Education majors interested in new developments in the business world.

Businessmen and teachers of business education meet with the group to discuss these problems and to foster an interest and an understanding of the business world. The club also makes tours of various industries related to their future careers. At the end of the year the members enjoy a farewell banquet at the Beacon.

Joyce Johnston, President

Want to be brought up to date on the world situation? Do you sometimes wonder just how much of a threat Communism is to the United States? Should certain books by questionable authors be banned from our public libraries?

For the answers to these and other questions related to world problems just ask an I. R. C. member. And what is I. R. C.? Why, that's easy!

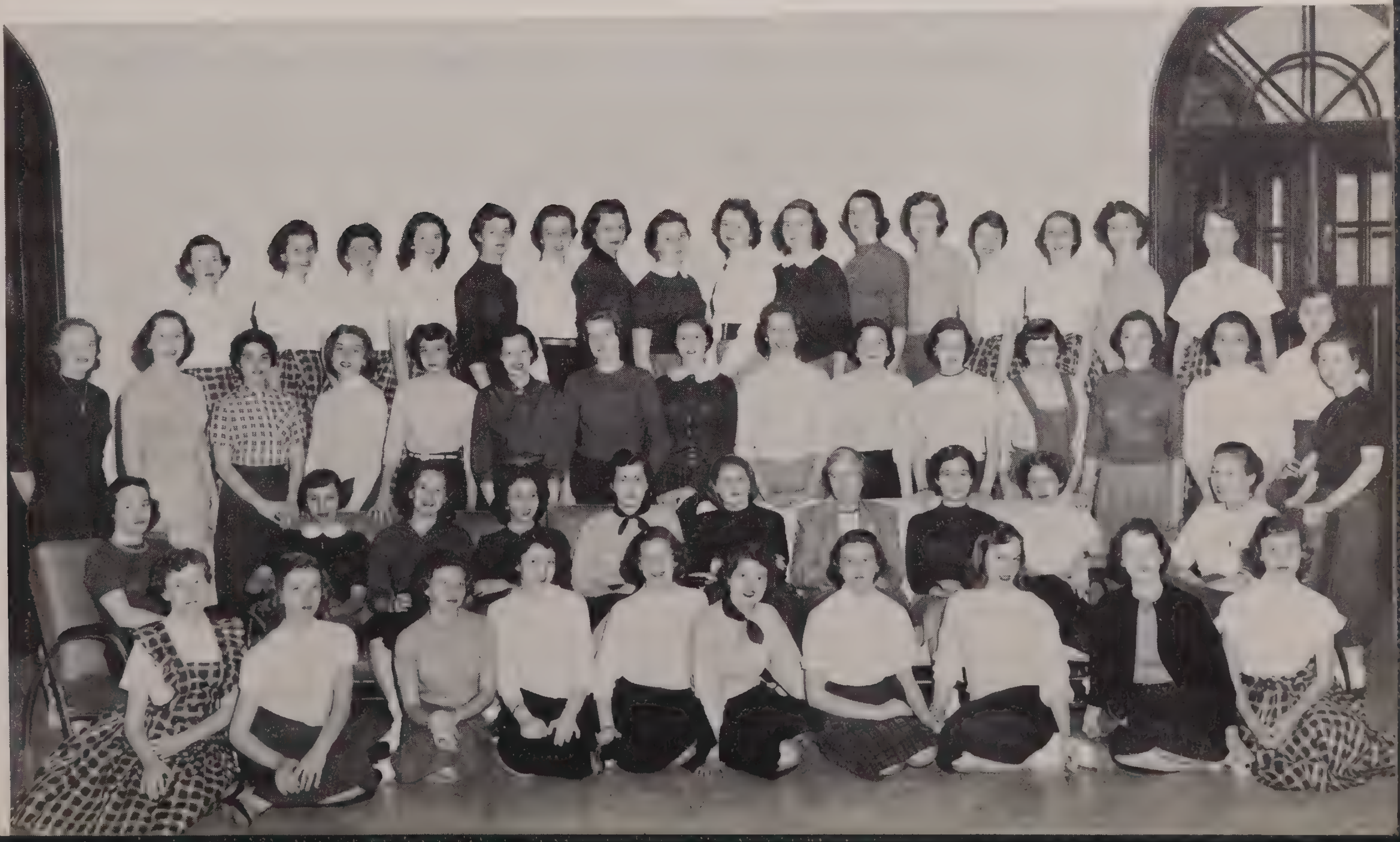
"Realizing the seriousness of war and the necessity for that co-operation among nations which alone can make peace possible, I do solemnly promise to study the relations among nations and to promote in myself and among others attitudes of sympathy and good will towards all the peoples of the world to the end that understanding may produce peace."

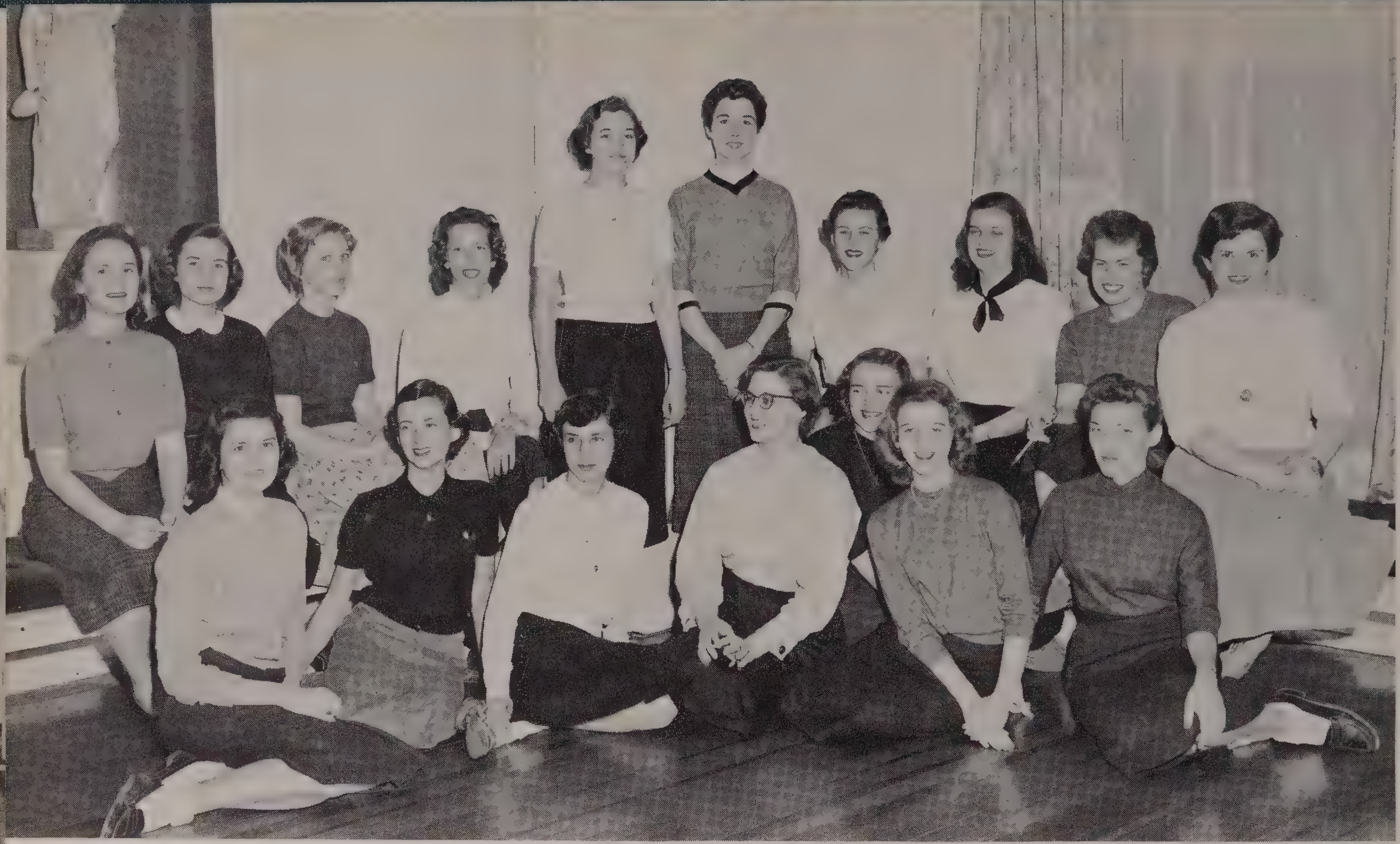
Round-table discussions, movies, and guest speakers on current international affairs are some of the ways in which I. R. C. seeks to further its aims. This winter Dr. Davidson, Lib Plowden, Joyce Johnson, and Barbara Ward attended a general conference in Atlanta concerning foreign trade, problems in the Middle East, and England's changing role in world affairs. I. R.C. members have their fun, too, at those memorable steak picnic suppers at the college club!

The largest club at Coker, I. R. C. this year has the largest membership in its campus history. This in itself shows the growing student concern for this restless world. From this interest can develop our nation's best citizens.

International Relations Club

FIRST ROW: Stogner, F. Rogers, L. Williams, Kay, Powers, Frances Gurley, Ligon, Focht, Thomason, H. Johnson.
SECOND ROW: DuRant, S. Graham, Boatwright, Blackmon, Porter, J Johnston, Dr. Davidson—sponsor, Ward, S. Rodgers, Oates, Plowden.
THIRD ROW: Degenhardt, Holroyd, B. Graham, McKnight, McFaddin, Currier, Allsbrook, Peeples, Baxley, Reaves, Hosey, Collins, Ruthven, Castanes, Cooke.
FOURTH ROW: Kolb, Hamilton, Raftelis, Clarke, Chastain, Burgess, Harvey, Bishop, Gause, Ulmer, Lane, V. Brinson, Owens, Barnes, Whittington, Drose.



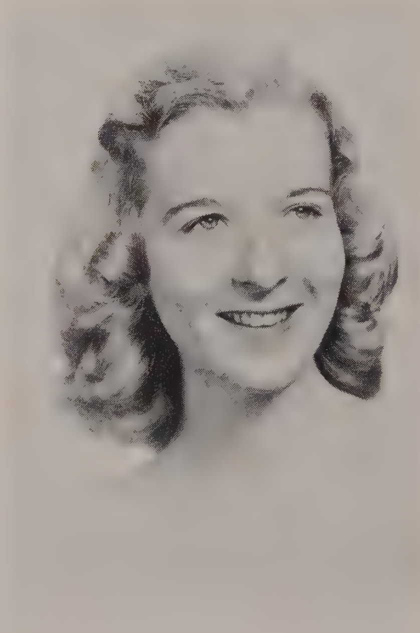


FIRST ROW: Clarke, Kolb, S. Graham, J. Lowrimore, Degenhardt, F. Roger, Cantey.
SECOND ROW: Boatwright, Allsbrook, ViVi Kirk, Baxley, Ruthven, Ward, Ingram, Sweet, Stevens, Finch.

Alpha Psi Omega

Curtain going up! The house lights dim, the actress on the stage speaks her first line, and another Dramatic Club production is under way.

How exciting it was to sit in the audience and watch your roommate in her first role as a Queen Bess Player. You remembered the many nights when she returned late to the dorm after rehearsal in the auditorium. Maybe you sometimes got tired of reading her cues so that she could learn her lines. But under the magic spell of the footlights the words came alive again and you were very proud of her.



Frances Rogers, President

Perhaps you were in the group that went on a "scavenger hunt" for props, or made posters, or sold tickets, or helped with the costuming and makeup. On opening night you may have been stationed in the wings to give cues and moral support as well.

Both actress and "stage hand" meet on common ground in Drama Club as apprentices and as members. During regular club meetings they learn to work together in staging brief dramatic programs. The climax of the year comes with two public productions by the club. How we laughed at the comedy, *Arms and the Man,* by Bernard Shaw, and enjoyed the change of pace in the presentation of three act plays in the spring.

If your roommate was one of the chosen few, you wondered (with her) how she could ever learn the Greek alphabet, which was just part of her initiation into Alpha Beta, Coker's chapter of Alpha Psi Omega. However, it was great living with a "celebrity" for election to this national honorary dramatics fraternity is the highest attainment in Drama Club.

FIRST ROW: Strader, Land, Faye Gurley, Pennell, Kissane, Ruthven, Allen, Castanes, Degenhardt.
SECOND ROW: Stevens, Ward, Sweet, Baxley, Cone, Allsbrook, J. Locklear, P. Crawford, Caldwell, Mixon, Dr. Haynes—Sponsor, S. Rodgers, Plowden.

Queen Bess Players

SEATED, foreground: F. Rogers—President, J. Lowrimore—Business Manager.
SEATED: V. Kirk, Revels, Currier, Ulmer, Cantey, Bishop, Barnes, Oates, Kolb, Blakeney, Raftelis, White.
STANDING: Finch, DuRant, Boatwright, S. Graham, M. Tyner, Savvas, Banks, Ingram, Eaddy, McGuirt, M. Locklear, Drose, McKnight, Holroyd, Clarke.

Oates, J. D. Reynolds—Co-sponsor, Ward, McFaddin, Matthews—Sponsor, Eaddy—President, DuRant, Webster, Clark.

Biology Club

Biology Club provides an opportunity for students interested in Science to discuss Scientific development, and to share ideas concerning scientific matters.

On the night of initiation, new members were surprised with a steak supper. After the first supper meeting, the Biology club developed its program with slides, filmstrips, and books concerning nearly every phase of biology. Through these activities students were encouraged to keep up with discoveries in the scientific field.

Music Club

The auditorium of the music building is the setting for many musical events. It also serves as meeting hall for the Music Club—the core of campus musical interests. Music Club members have an opportunity to gain experience in performing, to evaluate the musical ability of themselves and their fellow students, and to develop an appreciation of good music. Members of the club take an active part in campus music programs. At two open meetings during the year the Music Club sponsors visiting artists of interest to the college and community.

SEATED: Douglass—President.
STANDING, left to right: Dowling, Ingram, McLamb, Duke, Thomason, Mrs. Smith—sponsor, Banks, Stoll, Williams, Hamilton.

FIRST ROW, seated: Watt, Lovelace, Swails, Campbell, P. Tyner, Pennington, Moore.
SECOND ROW, seated: Fox, L. King, J. King, Catoe, McLamb, Sturms, Horton, Stevens, Freeman, Johnson, J. Tyner, M. Tyner.
THIRD ROW, seated: Smith, Bouknight, Taber, Monwood, J. Rogers, Clifton, Tallon, Javadi.
STANDING: Mercer, O. Williams, Gaming, McDonald, Mixon, V. Williams, Hucks, Beasley, Gibson.

Day Students Club

Marian Tyner, President

A unique type of student is enrolled at Coker. Usually appearing on campus only during the day, these students may be distinguished by an armful of books, an ability to arrive ten minutes late for Civ lectures, or a set of keys to the "taxies" they operate. Their habitat when not in class is probably the library, the canteen, or the lounge in the Science Building.

These are our day students—the commuters who do not have the convenience of walking out of the dorm across campus to class. From Bishopville, Darlington, Dillon, Florence, Hartsville, Lake View, and McBee they come; some travel over 100 miles a day! And oh, the cold mornings when the car won't start, or you leave an important paper at home, or it rains unexpectedly and you slosh through the puddles sans rain apparel.

Thus, from mutual involvment in these special problems, the Day Students' Club was organized. Perhaps the major function of this club is to combat the "unknown quantity" which confronts commuters. This "x" factor may be anything from a change in class schedule before holidays to special announcements made in the dorm. It is frustrating to arrive at class only to discover that the class is not meeting or met just an hour ago!

Through regular meetings the day students keep up-to-date on campus activities and can take their rightful places as members of our college community.

P. E. Majors' Club

The smallest, yet one of the liveliest clubs on campus, is the Physical Education Majors Club. This club encourages participation in campus sports and gives its members training in instructing when High School Play Days are held on campus.

With the Sock Hop as an original money-making project, they introduced new Saturday night entertainment. A typical meeting might find them at Miss Crary's for a spaghetti supper, taking a memorable canoe ride on a windy day, or journeying to Charlotte to see the Harlem Globe Trotters.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Locklear, Lowrimore, Lawhon, Player, Savvas, President, Miss Crary, Sponsor.

Chapel Proctors

Before mass meeting begins, students, laughing and chattering, leisurely fill the auditorium. But one group of girls is already there and at work. There are our chapel proctors—the right hand women of the president at Student Body meetings. Checking attendance, they are careful not to overlook the girl who carelessly sat in the wrong seat, or the eternal stragglers who arrive after the last bell. The chapel proctors must distribute any material and collect votes. Theirs is a necessary job always well done.

LEFT TO RIGHT: S. Rodgers, Head Proctor; Umbers, Ulmer, Long, Thomason, Yarborough.

Ushers

With a handful of programs, a Coker armband, a pretty evening dress, and a pleasant smile the ushers greet guests and students as they enter the auditorium. These are the girls who arrive there thirty minutes before anyone else and remain on the job until the houselights are dimmed. They must see that everyone receives a program, and reserve or locate seats for latecomers. Whether at convocation, community concerts, faculty recitals, lectures, the Literary Festival or graduation, our charming ushers are there—ready with a smile and a helping hand.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Ulmer, McGuirt, McCracken, Myers, Head Usher, Thomason, Cantey and Castanes.

Fire Wardens

The harsh clang of a bell echoes through the dormitory at one A. M. Students awaken with fear, or sleepily reach to turn off their alarm clocks. Then the realization comes—this is a *fire drill.* Automatically lights are turned on, windows opened, raincoats and towels grabbed, doors closed. Already the fire wardens on each hall are on the alert, checking rooms, counting noses outside, and hurrying to the bell tower to report. "But we didn't get out in two minutes flat," Chief Player says. So we gripe a little when we have another drill, but only because we can have confidence in our fier wardens if a real fire threatens Coker.

LEFT TO RIGHT, FIRST ROW: Savvas, J. Lowrimore, Joyce Player, Chief. *SECOND ROW*: Nash, Huggins, Eaddy, Porter. *THIRD ROW*: Sullivan, P. Crawford, McFaddin, DuBose, Calhoun.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Boatwright; Mixon; DuBose; Chairman, Hosey; McLester; Currier; Parker; Blakeney; J. Johnston; Savvas.

Dance Committee

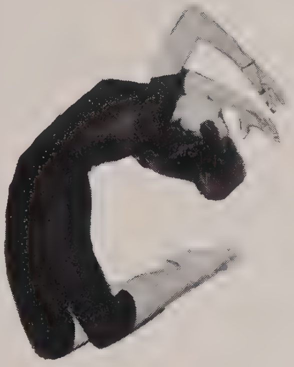
Patsy Hosey, Chairman

"Dance Committee will please meet in Acree Parlor immediately after dinner!" And once again the wheels begin to run that will take the whole school to a night of dancing and enjoyment. Discussing, planning and arranging become the bywords for the inevitable question, "What band are we going to have?" The group delves into a search that produces such popular names as Gerald Carrigan, Neal Compton, the Stardusters, and (our appreciation to the Cokers) such names as Dorsey Brothers and Billy May. Once the band is named, the committee launches into the work of selecting decorations so that, like Cinderella's pumpkin-coach, the dining room will be transformed into a ballroom. In doing this, consideration must be given to such matters as the type of orchestra, the occasion for the dance, and the time of year. "Do you think orange and brown crepe paper with colored leaves will make a hit for the fall dances?" "Dance committee is reminded to meet in the lounge to make stars for the Christmas dance!" "You mean we're actually going to go modern for this one?"

Then comes the day when Herb and Jerry get out their hammers and saws and begin work on the bandstand. Ladders are dragged and willing girls dressed in Bermudas, smiles and eventually dirty faces, paint leaves or cut stars far into the night. They hand paper, lower or lift flowers or colored balls until there is but one short hour left before dance time. And, wouldn't you know it? That one important thing has been forgotten and someone must go for it, someone must make the mad dash to find it, to discover where it was so carefully hidden. Indeed it is a situation that calls for quick thinking and our committee comes through with flying colors. Finally, miraculously, the crepe paper is in place, all the tickets are sold, and listen—the band is playing—and thanks to the dance committee, we at Coker begin another night full of "moments to remember."

Modern Dance Club

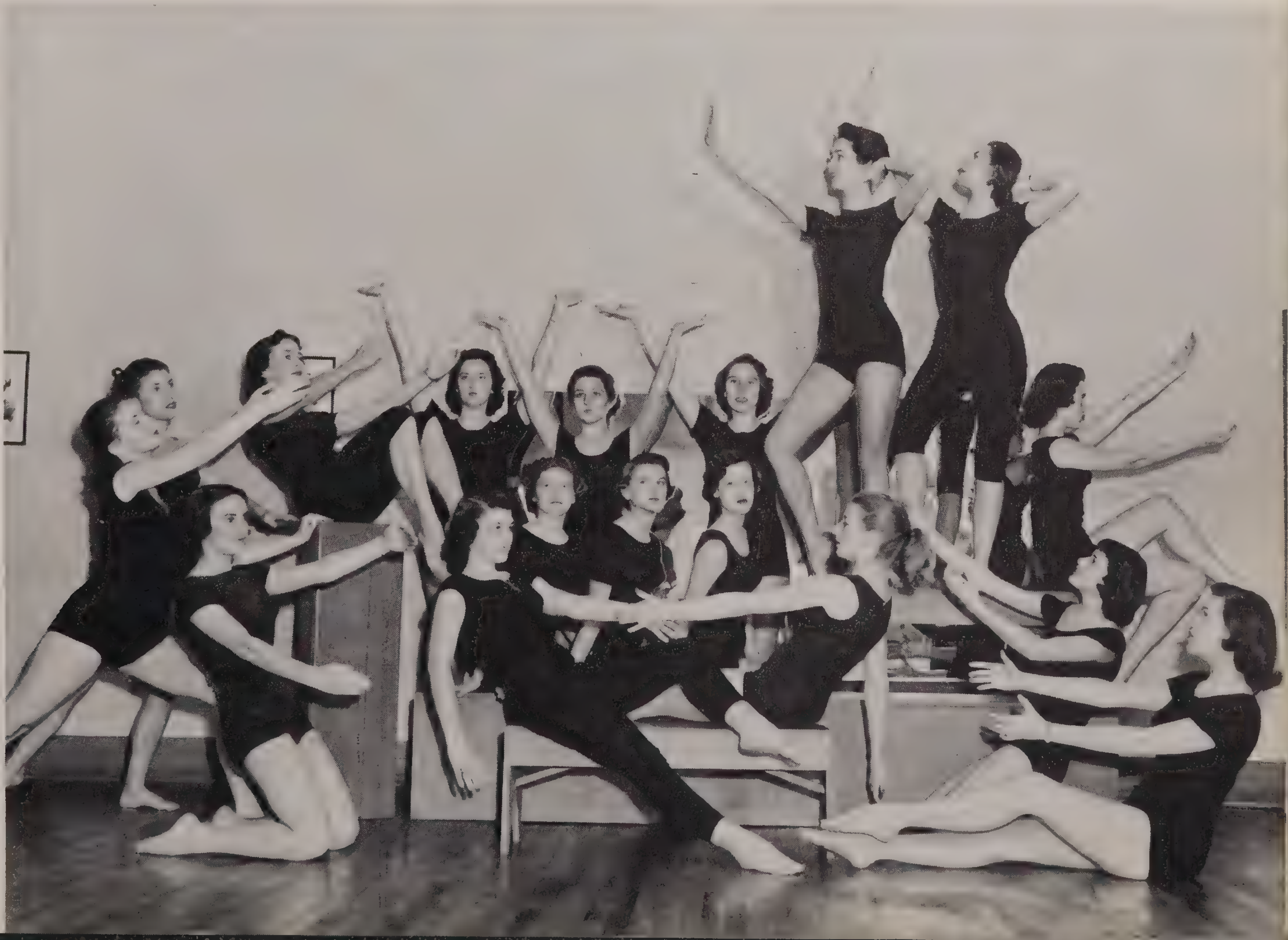
Barbara and Ann choreograph a dance.

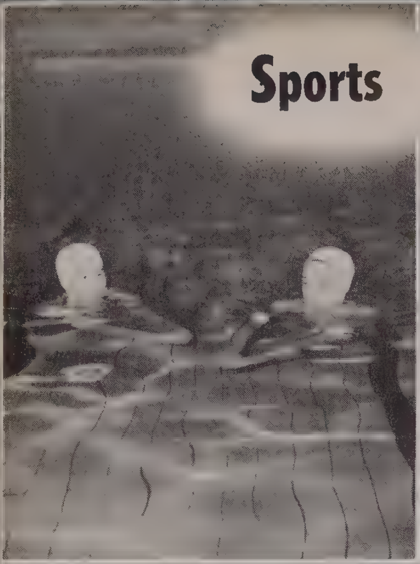


Beth Blackmon, President.

"Plie . . . release . . . plie . . . release . . . straighten up . . . don't just do it, dance it . . ." and Mrs. Saunders continues to call directions and give suggestions. Whether it is working on a dance for Arts Forum in Greensboro or choreographing part of the Coker May Day program, your ability did not come overnight. It came after many practice hours, after bending, lifting, prancing, leaping, after doing steps and striking poses that you felt were foreign to your personality. It came often after being completely frustrated because one measure of music that you could not choreograph. Yes, from chaos and confusion, from hours of both physical and mental work spent molding a God-given talent come the rich rewards of beauty, grace, perfection of form—and the great inner satisfaction of time well spent and a job well done.

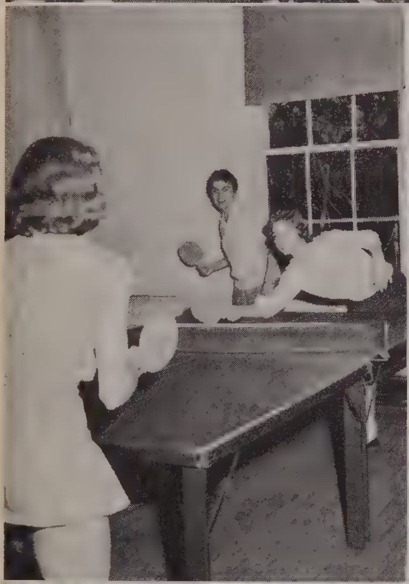
FRONT ROW: N. Johnson, Roney, L. Williams, Ligon, Currier, F. Rogers, Holmes, Oates. *BACK ROW*: Mims, Huggins, Blackmon, Clark, B. Crawford, Holroyd, Ward, Boatwright, Hosey.

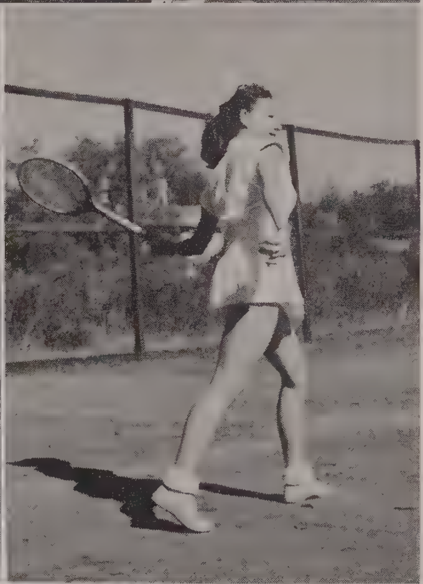




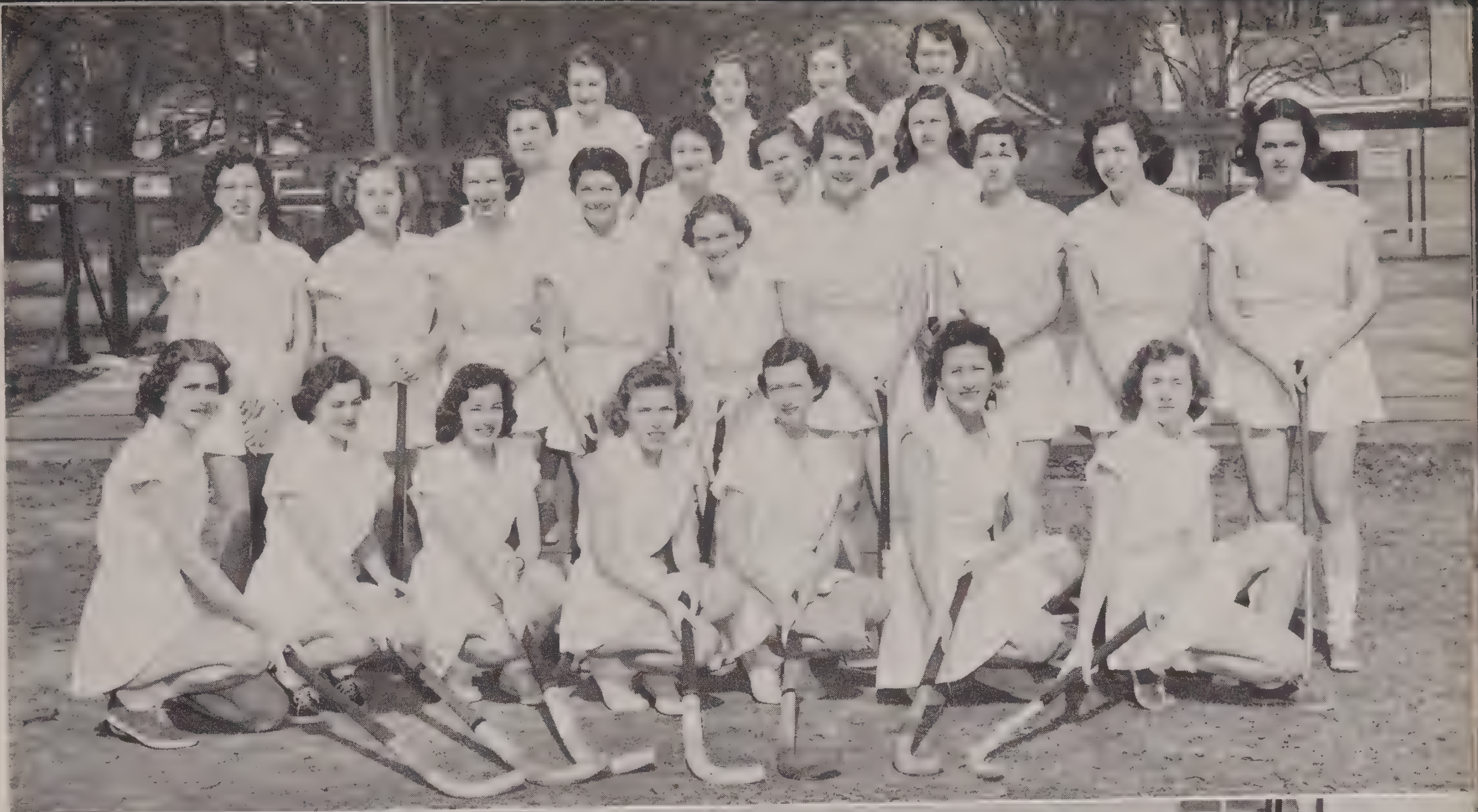
Minor Sports

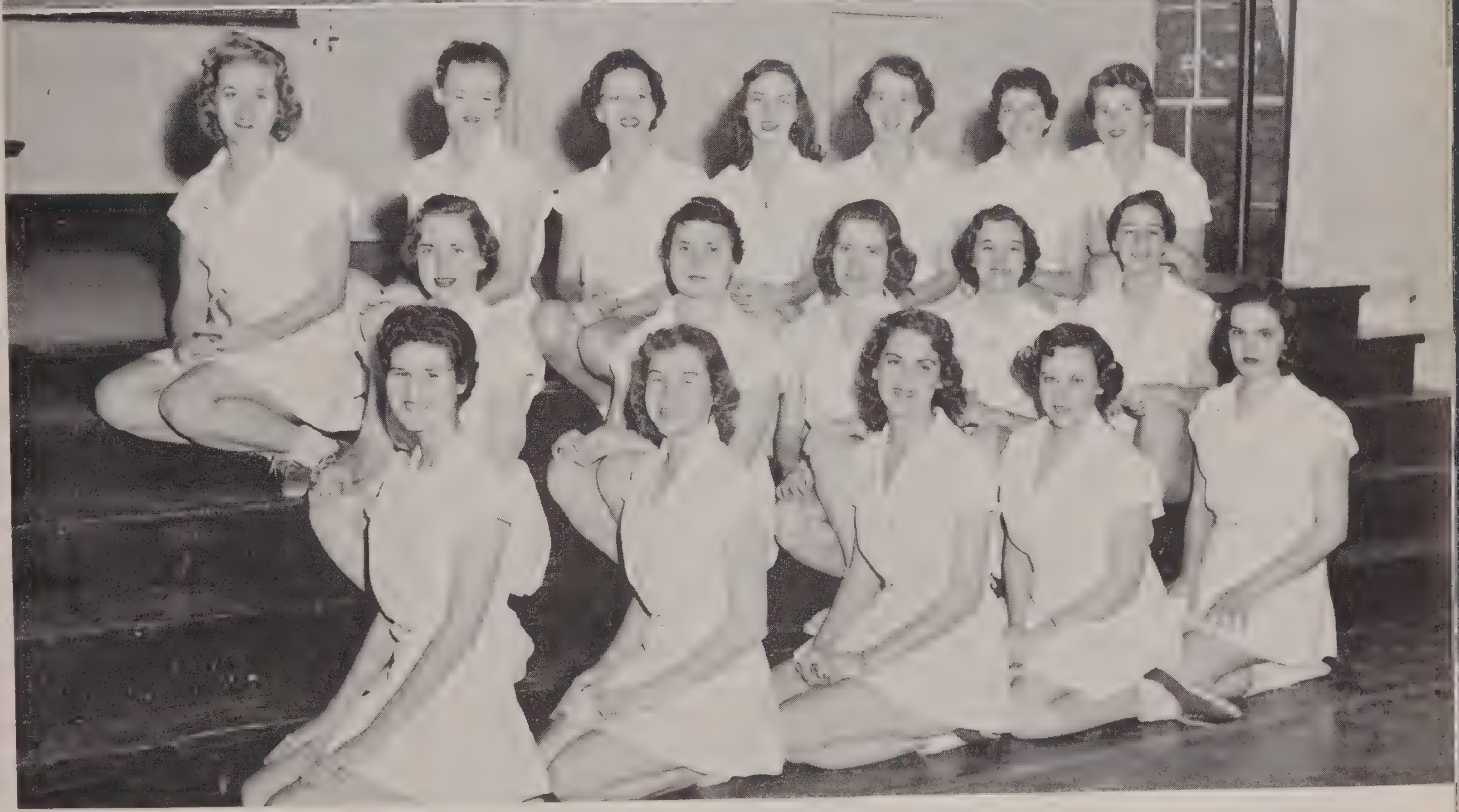
"What were those requiremnts again?" "Tread water a minute, float for a half minute, and swim the length of the pool 6 times, and no fair putting your feet on the bottom at the shallow end." *Swimming* is one of the minor sports at Coker, and some of us took it for four years and still had to get a doctor's certificate to say we weren't physically fit to swim. There must have been some fish, however, because we came in second on College Play Day. Peggy Rogers won the tennis matches for us that Play Day and Shirley Lawhon won the singles in the Coker annual tennis tournament. Others, by the way, were still struggling to learn to "keep that side to the net." Mr. Smith did much to activate the interest in *table tennis,* and there was always someone in the canteen ready to challenge him to a match. As usual, the *volleyball* tournament caused much excitement as class fought class for points that may have meant the President's Cup. Crys of "set it up," "play your positions," "Spike!" and "rotate" filled the gym and with no casualty but a broken light fixture the seniors won the tournament. Down at the college club other cries were heard: "Stroke up . . . lean forward . . . feather your blade . . . PULL!, and crew practice was underway. "Down to the bridge one more time, girls," and a chorus of groans go up. What excitement the day of the races when the whole school turned out to watch, and how wet the winning captain was when the girls threw her overboard! In *golf* we discovered that all "birdies" didn't fly and in *archery* we "applesauced" with other archers, and at the end of the year we realized that these sports were meant to build sound bodies and alert minds and develop the spirit of cooperation among us.





Susan and Liz synchronize those strokes! . . . Will Liz land flat or not? . . . Sophomores practice for a big game . . . Pompie pings one back to Shirley, and Miss Crary seems to enjoy it . . . Peg warms up for those matches against Winthrop and Furman . . . Joyce, Carol, Virginia and Maxine are out for a little cruise around the lake . . . Cynthia gives out with a mighty swing . . . Frankie and Carleene aim for the bull's-eye.





Honor Hockey Team

FIRST ROW: Savvas, Ruthven, D. Kirk, Cantey, Kolb, M. Locklear, Lawhon. SECOND ROW: Blakeney, Kissane, Baxley, Raftelis, Booker, Sullivan, B. Crawford, McGuirt, Jordan. THIRD ROW: Bishop, Pennell, Player, Pridgen. FOURTH ROW: Ulmer, DuBose, Baggett, Drose.

Honor Basketball Team

FIRST ROW: J. Williamson, Lawhon, Savvas, Player, Jordan. SECOND ROW: McElmurray, Bishop, Banks, Ruthven, B. Crawford. THIRD ROW: Kissane, Yarborough, Blakeney, Pridgen, Drose, Raftelis, Sullivan. Absent when picture was made: M. Locklear.

Hockey

"Who's got the shin guards?" . . . Mine don't match!" . . . and another hockey game was on. The wind, that allegedly sweeps across the Oklahoma Plains, was nothing compared to the wind that swept across that open hockey field, where you stood in those short gym suits. But you were out to win. Such things were minor details. Some classes even had cheerleaders to cheer their team on to victory or, if necessary, console them in defeat. One thing unforgettable to all hockey players was the "morning after the day before," when they hopped merrily out of bed—and nearly fell flat. Oh! How sore they were! But that afternoon they were back at the hockey field again and ready for another battle. After checking the scorebook, it was announced that the seniors had won the tournament. The scores for the games were:

(1) Juniors vs Freshmen	5 to 2
(2) Juniors vs Sophomores	0 to 1
(3) Seniors vs Sophomores	2 to 0
(4) Seniors vs Freshmen	2 to 0
(5) Juniors vs Seniors	0 to 1
(6) Freshmen vs Sophomores	0 to 2

The honor teams were announced at the Hockey Banquet and each member was awarded a novelty Coker "C" with a hockey stick on it . . . and another hockey season had ended.

TOP LEFT — SENIOR TEAM — FIRST ROW: Revels, Cantey, Savvas, Lawhon, Player.
SECOND ROW: Lockee, Porter, Degenhardt, Joyce, M. Locklear, Baxley.

CENTER LEFT — JUNIOR TEAM: Castanes, White, McGuirt, DuRant, Ulmer, DuBose, Bishop, Ruthven.

OPPOSITE — SOPHOMORE TEAM — FIRST ROW: McFaddin, Pridgen, Howie, Booker, Raftelis, Powers.
STANDING: Cooke, Lane, Kolb, Calhoun, Drose, Lee, Blakeney.

LOWER LEFT — FRESHMAN TEAM — FRONT ROW: Chinnis, Jackson, D. Kirk, Dibble, Land, Tolson, Baggett, Kissane, Segars.
STANDING: Jordan, B. Crawford, P. Crawford, L. Brinson, Sullivan, Pennell, Joye, Elmore.

Hockey in real action!

Basketball

The sophomores, wise in more ways than one, proved their ability this year by winning the basketball tournament, after defeating all three class opponents. The scores for the games were:

(1)	Seniors vs Freshmen	51 to 24
(2)	Juniors vs Sophomores	35 to 52
(3)	Juniors vs Freshmen	27 to 40
(4)	Seniors vs Sophomores	30 to 42
(5)	Seniors vs Juniors	39 to 24
(6)	Sophomores vs Freshmen	25 to 18

During the tournament there was some serious concentration on the gym floor which promoted cries of "Get those rebounds!" and "All right, girls, let's set up this zone!" from the team captains. Teammates even shouted at each other "Quit shooting so much!" or, more complimentary, "Boy, is she on today!" Of course, the games wouldn't have been the same without Bid to grace the court with a bit of "la danse moderne," or that insistent voice that made the rounds at every game shouting "All right, how many sophomores do we have?" (Attendance counted toward the President's Cup, you know.) The honor teams were named and the tournament was termed a great success—probably due to the undying devotion of Coker's favorite cheerleaders, "Deeda," Dr. Fahrner, and Mr. Saunders, who were at every game.

TOP RIGHT — SENIOR TEAM: Locklear, Degenhardt, Ward; Co-captains J. Lowrimore, Savvas; Lawhon, Player, Baxley.

CENTER RIGHT — JUNIOR TEAM — SEATED: McElmurry, Hosey; Captain, Ruthven.
KNEELING: Banks, White, DuRant.
STANDING: McGuirt, DuBose, Bishop.

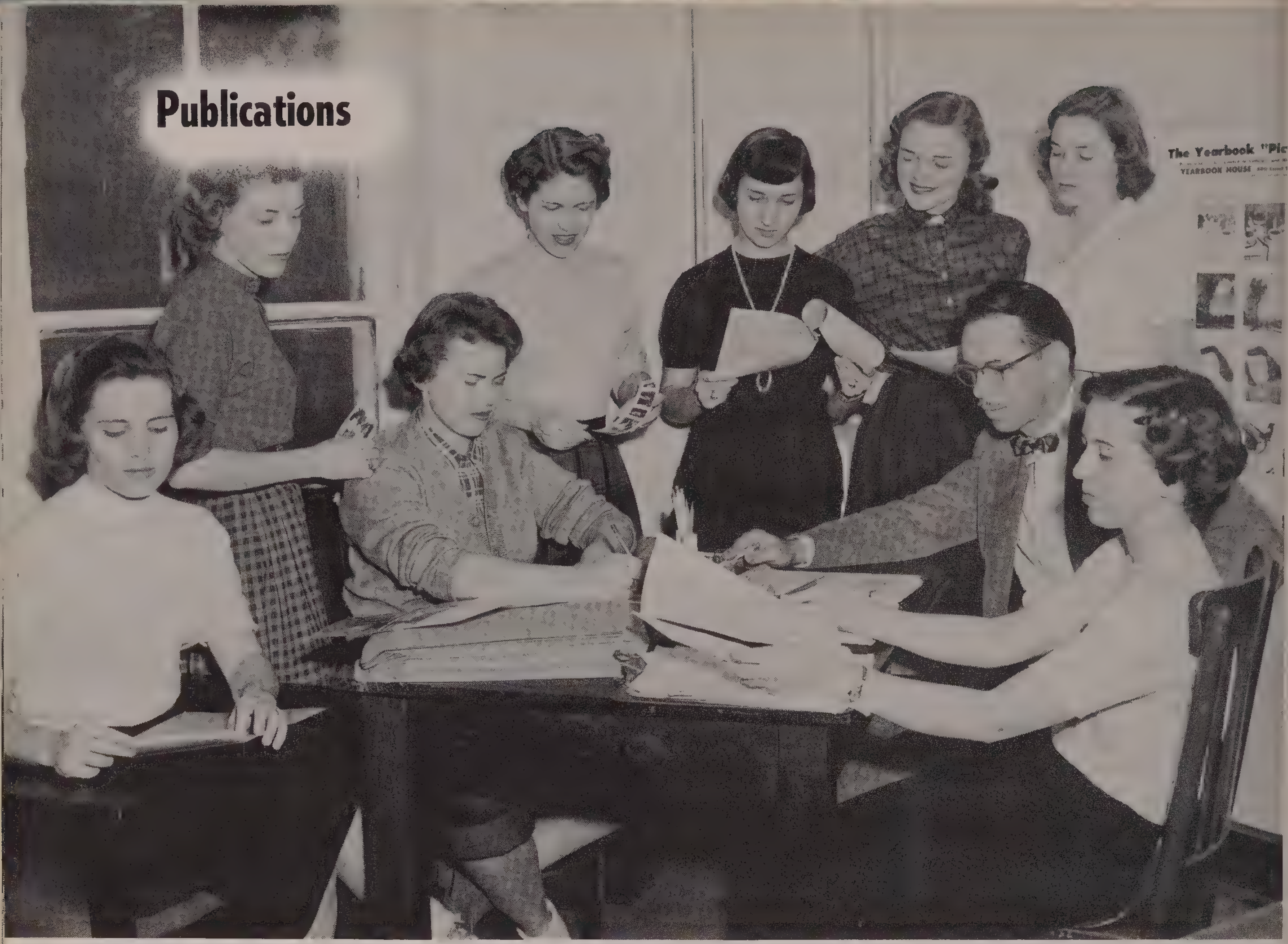
OPPOSITE — SOPHOMORE TEAM: Holroyd, Frances Gurley, Lane, Townsend; Co-captains, Pridgen, Yarborough; Drose, Raftelis, Boland, Blakeney.

LOWER RIGHT — FRESHMAN TEAM: Co-captains, Williamson, Crawford.
SECOND ROW: Jordan, Kissane, D. Kirk, F. Lowrimore.
STANDING: Pennell, L. Brinson, Sullivan, Baggett.

LOWER CENTER: Shirley has to get those two points despite Polly's efforts.

LOWER LEFT: Polly blocks Shirley while Billie looks on.

Publications



SEATED: Banks, Stevens, Mr. Brumbaugh—Sponsor, Plowden.
STANDING: Cantey, S. Rodgers, S. Graham, Degenhardt, Allsbrook.

The Milestone

Sara, Lib, and Liz, moved from their office to the dorm to work into the night hours.

Nancy draws the plans of the pages into the "dummy".

Carolyn and Peggy pound the typewriters so that the last deadline can be made.

It all began second semester of last year. A pebble of of an idea was cast in an unpretentious pool of ordinary minds. The ripples floating out into the pool made this little pebble so important that it became a MILESTONE.

The initial ripple gently lapped at the minds of Annual Editor Lib Plowden as soon as she was elected. Throughout the summer she gathered ideas and made notes.

In the fall, the pool was agitated by new pebbles and the ripples spread out to include other members of the staff. Some stones quickly sank to the bottom; other were kept afloat by Lib and Assistant Editor Sara Rodgers, until they, too, became a part of this growing MILESTONE.

One of these ripples carried some revolutionary ideas which were to become the crest of the wave. Organizational Editor Sally Banks and Activities Editor Sylvia Graham were called in to discuss these changes in style, and the addition of more copy to the annual.

Soon other pebbles were caught up in this flow of ideas. Art Editor Nancy Stevens worked on layouts with Mr. Brumbaugh, Advisor; Liz Degenhardt took charge of photography; Carolyn Allsbrook and Peggy Cantey added their secretarial talents.

The ripples gained momentum when Business Manager Charlotte Reaves and her staff took over annual finances. How many trips they made to Hartsville and the surrounding area for those important ads! How many headaches were theirs because of bills that had to be paid!

Sometimes the pebbles got mighty heavy and the ripples on the pond could barely be distinguished. There were troubled moments in the little office under North Dorm, as picture schedules met seemingly impossible conflicts, lay outs had to be re-planned, picture angles decided on, deadlines met. But somehow a little breeze always came along at the right moment, and the pebbles drifted along toward that all-important *Milestone.*

Elizabeth Plowden, Editor

Charlotte Reaves,
Business Manager

But just a few pebbles and a few little ripples can't get very far without help. Thus the students themselves became the crest of this wave of ideas and gave it the momentum it needed. Clubs cooperated, when information was needed or pictures had to be taken. Faculty members made allowances for occasional class cuts in order to work on the annual. "Ghost writers" helped with write-ups of their classes, and the pebbles were on their way.

Finally the waves subsided, the last ripple lapped the shore, and all was calm. The humble little pebble had become a proud *Milestone.*

Charlotte sends Louise out to get an ad.

Frances Gurley, Reaves, Harper, Powers, Connor, McCracken.

SEATED: Dr. Sisson, Boatwright, V. Brinson, Collins.
STANDING: Kay, Finch, Banks, Ligon, H. Johnson, McCracken.

The Periscope

"The lady in the window wants to buy an ad, girls." Hosey, Stogner, Pridgen.

"Make sure the spelling is right, Biddy."

Dixie makes her rounds with "hot-off-the-press" *Periscopes.*

Look through the *Periscope* for a students' eye view of campus news and features! Coker's bi-monthly newspaper, the *Periscope* is edited by students who are interested in journalism. The paper is a member of the *South Carolina Collegiate Press Association* and the *Associated Collegiate Press.*

Extra! Extra! The *Periscope* is off the press. Circulation Manager Dixie Whittington distributes the papers and mails copies to off-campus subscribers. It is the job of Exchange Editor Hazel Johnson to send papers to other colleges. Business Manager Louise Price posts bills to the advertisers.

Yet the assembled group in Editor Ann Boatwright's room has little time to enjoy its finished product. Already plans for the next edition of the *Periscope* are in the making. Ann confers with the Assistant Editor Frances Ligon and News Editor Delores McCracken; news possibilities must be explored, pictures planned, articles assigned . . . "What events will make interesting features?" ponders Feature Editor Sally Banks. Reporters Jane Collins, Bobbi Finch, and Mary Kay must meet that deadline!

"Who goes to town this afternoon with Pat Rosey?" Advertising Assistants Louise Harper, Jane Howie, Carol Prigden, and Peggy Stogner know they must pound the pavement for those seventy inches of ads necessary for each edition of the *Periscope.*

Ann Boatwright, Editor

Louise Price, Business Manager

Finally, the last assignments are completed, but still the editors burn the midnight oil. Rewrite that article . . . cut an inch here . . . construct headlines . . . compose an editorial. The typewriters of Louise Harper, Anne McGuirt, Yvonne Raftelis, and Gene Townsend click busily. Then the material is off to be printed by the *Hartsville Messenger,* which so willingly co-operates with the *Periscope.*

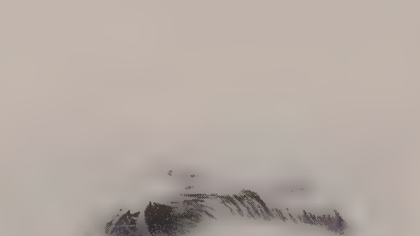
Surely the staff can now breathe a sigh of relief! But back come the proof sheets to be corrected by Copy Editor Virginia Hall Brinson, and the final dummy is set up. Only then is work on this edition completed.

As the papers are distributed, again the staff assembles in the editor's room—and again we know we will have a *Periscope* to be proud of!

LEFT TO RIGHT: Price, Rafletis, McGuirt, Whittington, Hosey, Pridgen. ABSENT when picture was made: Harper, Howie, Stogner, Townsend.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Reaves, Banks, White, Frances Gurley.

The Gateway



Sally Banks, Editor

Budding literary minds have a chance to express themselves through contributions to the annual spring publication of the *Gateway*. This is Coker's literary magazine comprised of essays, short stories, sketches, and poetry by student authors. Awards are offered for the best work in each division.

Work on the *Gateway* begins far in advance of the publication date, as Editor Sally Banks and her Assistant Editor Charlotte Reaves read and re-read all material submitted. Conferences with Art Editor Frances Gurley follow; the aid of Typist Marian White is enlisted; the layout is planned; and the *Gateway* is well on its way! Not until the cover has been chosen and the last proof sheet corrected, however, is the staff's work completed. Then comes the satisfaction of offering to all, Coker's "proudest products of the pen."

Sophiades

The staff with the fluttering blue and gold ribbons pauses over a girl, then gently taps her on the shoulder. The hushed auditorium resounds with our applause as another of our classmates is tapped for Sophiades, Coker's honorary scholastic society. New members are selected on the basis of scholastic achievement and contribution to college life. Only one-sixth of the senior class and one-half of the eligible juniors may be admitted. Sophiades gives awards annually for the best student research work and creative work.

SEATED: Langford, Dr. Matthews, Miss Floyd, Douglass—President, Ward, Baxley.
STANDING: Plowden, DuRant, Boatwright, S. Rodgers, Dr. Keuhner, Stoll, Ruthven, Dr. Barry.

Who's Who

We are proud of our upper-class leaders on campus, and each fall we let the world know about it by electing them to WHO'S WHO AMONG STUDENTS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES. These students are selected for this honor by the faculty and the senior class.

Scholarship, leadership, and contribution to college life are the outstanding characteristics for which these girls are chosen. Yet we would add another quality—that extra spark of friendliness that is the Coker spirit.

SEATED: Martha Langford, Barbara Ward.
STANDING: Sylvia Sweet, Lib Plowden, Ann Boatwright, Faye Baxley.

"Younger than springtime"—as attractive, too—
We present Miss Carleene Myers to you!
A rose among us thorns, as it were—
Grace and charm characterize her,
For fair disposition as well as complexion,
For beauty of spirit, have we made our selection!

A girl who keeps her things just so,
In school dependable and "on the go,"
She may be little but she's productive
And neat and sweet and suite constructive,
By all of this can just be meant
That Lib is our "Most Efficient!"

Around and around and around she goes—
And where she stops, *everybody* knows!
Around the campus with a friendly smile
The Spirit of Coker all the while
To Coker's standards ever true,
The "Best All-Around"—Sylvia Sweet to you.

Senior

Most Attractive

Carleene Myers

Most Efficient

Lib Plowden

Best All-Around

Sylvia Sweet

Originality, wit, friendship, laughter
This is the girl we're always after,
Funnyfaces, jokes, a song—"Civ Test"
This is Bobbi at her very best,
Making others merry is her favorite hobby
That's why our class favorite is Bobbi!

Paddle, hockey stick, racquet, ball—
Of her special talents—symbols all,
Sportsmanship first in any contest
Always ready to give her best,
Not there for the prize, but to play the game,
Our Class Athlete—Maxine by name.

Be it chemistry or calculus, she's effectual.
This is Faye, our "Intellectual!"
The gal with the high I. Q.—
She excels in "extra-curriculars," too.
Conscientious in her studies here
Her future holds a bright career.

Superlatives

Class Favorite

Bobbi Finch

Most Athletic

Maxine Locklear

Most Intellectual

Faye Baxley

Queen of the May

MISS SYLVIA SWEET

May Day At Coker

The pastel colors of their dresses shimmer in the water as the May Court assembled around the reflection pool. Sylvia Sweet in her white gown, the personification of the spirit of Coker, bows her head to be crowned Queen of the May . . . Swirling and leaping in gay costumes, dancers give a "command performance" for her majesty. Their audience sits on the hillside of the amphitheater, their backdrops are green trees, their stage mossy lawn, and the sun their spotlight. As if abandoning all effort they reap the rewards of long months of practice . . . On the archery field and the tennis court star athletes compete. Swish—an arrow finds the bull's eye. Smack—a dot of white streaks over the net and the scorer cries "Game, set, match!" . . . White-capped heads bob and sleek wet arms stroke in rhythm across the swimming pool. The audience applauds the grace and skill of the swimming pageant and cheers the victors of the competitive number . . . Paddles nervously poised, the crewmen steady their boats under the bridge on Prestwood Lake. Bang! The starter's gun breaks the tension. "Stroke-up!" Backs bend and paddles flash to the cockswain's chant, and the race is on! A resounding cheer as the winning boat crosses the finish line at the college club, and the winning cockswain is happily dunked into the lake.

How merrilyCokernuts celebrate the advent of May blossoms and sonshine.

TOP RIGHT: Barbara Ward, Maid of Honor; Sylvia Sweet, May Queen; Faye Baxley, Crowner.

BOTTOM: Ruthven; Webster; Plowden; Crawford, B.; Drose; Ingram; Davis; Cooke; Degenhardt; Hamilton; DuRant; Myers; Langford; Duke; Rodgers, S.; Ward; Baxley; Sweet.

May Court

CARLEENE MYERS
BERTHA MAYE DROSE
SUZANNE DuRANT
PAT WEBSTER
MARTHA LANGFORD
MARION DUKE

BETTY CRAWFORD
VIVIAN RUTHVEN
BARBARA WARD

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Oysters, Lobstres and Snails

SARA RODGERS
FAYE BAXLEY
LIZ DEGENHARDT
LIB PLOWDEN

DONNA DAVIS
JANE INGRAM
PAT HAMILTON
ANNETTE COOKE

CHARACTERS ENTERTAINED THE QUEEN AND HER COURT

The Dormouse, Alice, and the Mad Hatter

Alice and the Dormouse

The Cook, the Queen and others of the merry company

Beauty Queen

MISS MARIAN McKNIGHT

Miss South Carolina of 1955

Honorary Beauty Queen

MISS MARTHA DEAN CHESTNUT

Beauty

MISS LIZ DEGENHARDT

MISS JANE INGRAM

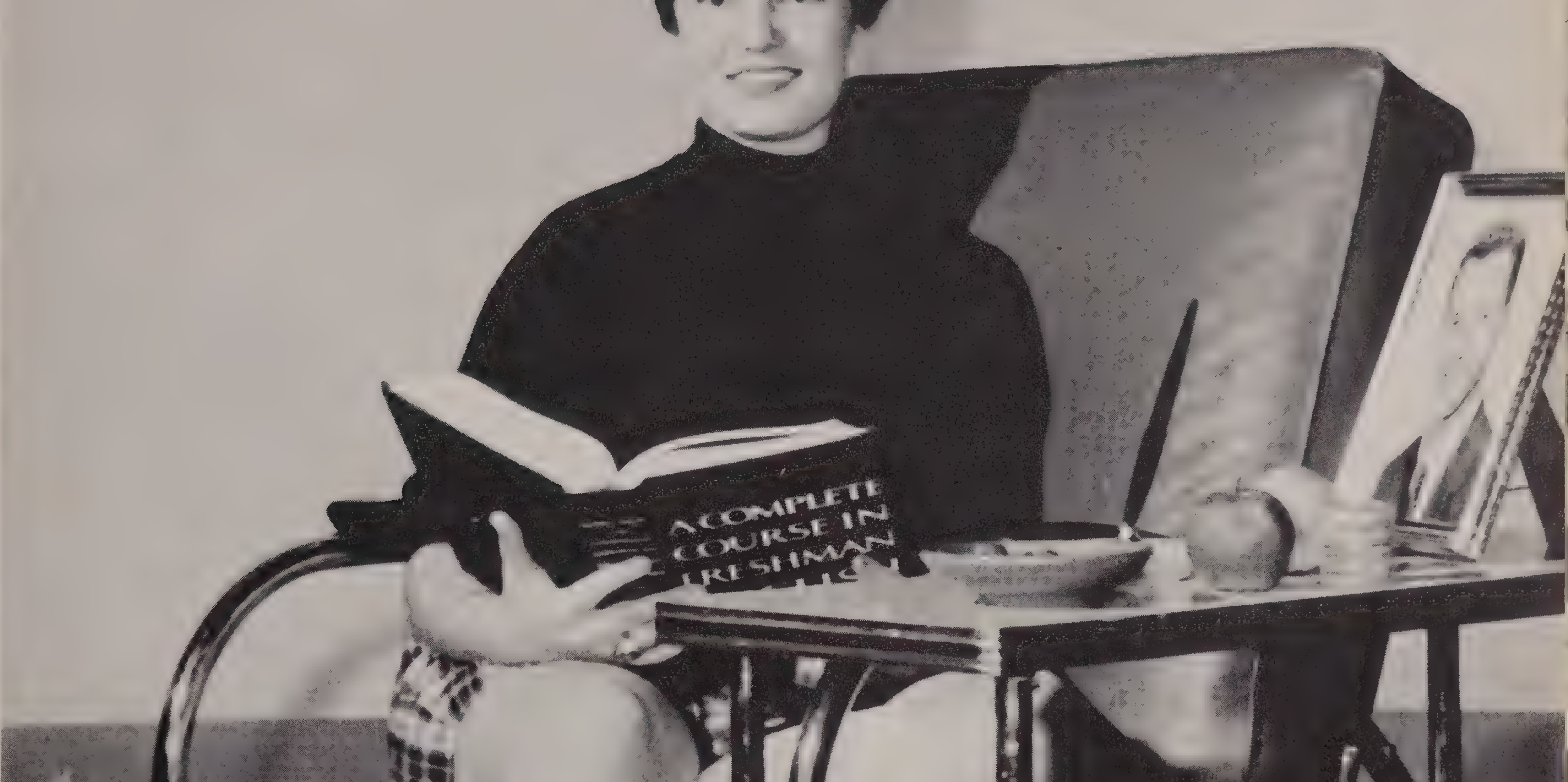
Queen

MISS HOLLY MIMS

MISS CARLEENE MYERS

MISS PATSY NORRIS

MISS JOAN WATT


A COMPLETE
COURSE IN
FRESHMAN

Cutie Queen

MISS SARA JEAN LONG

Cutie

MISS BETH BLACKMON

MISS ANNE DuBOSE

Court

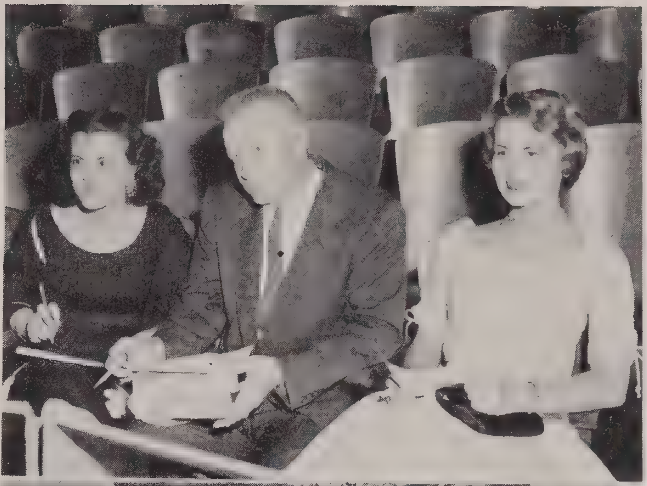
MISS LOUISE HARPER

MISS NANCY KING

MISS FRAN MOORE

MISS FRANKIE WHITTLE

The Judges Task



"Oh, no! I've forgotten my gloves!" and a dear roommate was sent rushing back to the dorm. It was definitely the night of the Beauty-Cutie Contest! Twenty Beauties and twenty Cuties, sponsored by the different campus orgaizations were prepared for the big occasion.

The Cuties were decked in casual and collegiate skirts and sweaters and charming smiles. They were to be judged by the audience, and they stepped vivaciously across the stage to the tune of a jingle especially composed for them by their sponsoring club.

Meanwhile, the beauties, elegant in evening dresses, contented themselves by tugging at each other's dresses and poking at stray whisps of hair, knowing they were on the stage next. They had met the three judges at a tea and dinner that afternoon; but that didn't help them feel much calmer. The feeling of "being watched" was all too real.

Finally the contest was ended. Then came the hardest part of all—waiting for the decisions which would be announced at the Christmas dance. Intermission time at the dance found many excited and anxious observers on the sidelines. Miss Martha Dean Chestnut, Miss South Carolina of 1956, crowned Miss Marian McKnight, Beauty Queen, and Miss Sara Jean Long, Cutie Queen. As the queens and the six girls chosen for each court stood together around the Christmas tree, the bystanders realized what a difficult job the judges had in making their choice.

UPPER RIGHT: The judges: Mrs. Ed Turbeville, Mr. Bob Johnson, and Miss Joan Griffin.
OPPOSITE: Beauty Queen Marian McKnight, and Cutie Queen Sara Jean Long were crowned by Miss South Carolina, our own Martha Dean Chestnut.

These were the Beauty Contestants: SEATED: F. Lowrimore, Stoll, Norris, Strader. STANDING, FIRST ROW: Cliff, McKnight, S. Graham, Oates, Ingram, Davis, Watt, L. Brinson, Foxworth, Mims. STANDING, SECOND ROW: Shaw, Joye, Degenhardt, Myers, Pennell, Clarke.

UPPER PICTURE: The Freshmen have a party at Dr. Barry's.

OPPOSITE: The members of the Sextette and Mr. Schall prepare for one of their performances.

LOWER LEFT: The Seniors won the singing of the Pep Song.

LOWER RIGHT: . . . and the Freshmen won the Alma Mater.

A Backward Glance

At the end of the school year nineteen hundred and fifty-six, a lone figure moved slowly down the street leading away from Coker. As he neared the gateway, he hesitated, as if waiting for someone whom he knew would soon follow; and as he turned to look over his shoulder, had anyone been watching, he would have seen the Spirit of Coker.

In that backward glance, the Spirit saw a year at Coker, saw it as it was, full of joy and sorrow. He saw it through freshmen eyes, sophomore eyes, junior and senior eyes. Coker's Spirit first looked at the freshman in all their greenness and hopefulness . . . saw them as they arrived all sparkling and breathless to begin their college careers . . . saw them in that first week attend party after party . . . watched them laugh at the house of another frosh, Dr. Barry, as he entertained them . . . saw, too, the wind go out of their sails when they registered were given their first homework assignments, and were initiated in the dormitory attic. The Coker Spirit watched as the frosh learned that most college days would begin with the knocking of the radiators, the clanging of the bell, and grits for breakfast.

The Spirit saw other things besides the freshman. He saw the Sextette as they were chosen from the members of the Glee Club; he saw them practicing . . . singing for meetings of local organizations . . . going "on the road" to surrounding communities . . . helping Uncle Sam by entertaining the sick soldiers at Fort Jackson . . . being entertained by them.

While glancing at things musical, the Spirit saw the Glee Club in their maroon robes leaving for their annual tour . . . saw their director as he worked to get every voice just right and all the voices perfect together . . . saw the joy and satisfaction of working in harmony.

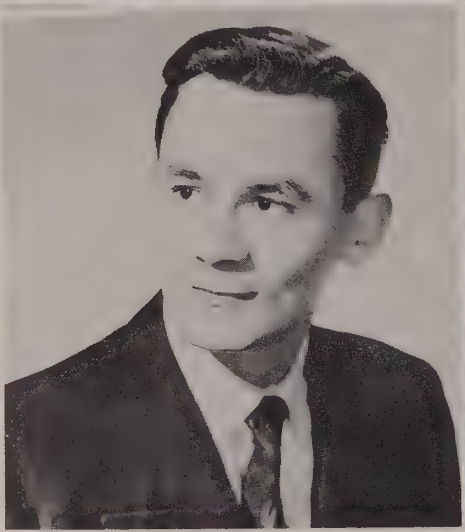
Coker's Spirit also recalled the annual Song Contest He had seen the committees' labors in writing new Pep Songs. He had listened critically as each class learned the new song and worked hard to polish the Alma Mater. He would have told anyone who asked that he was glad he didn't have to judge the contest—that close, it was. However, he rejoiced with all the students as the judges selected the freshmen as winners of the Alma Mater and the seniors as winners of the Pep Song.

A backward glance at the buildings and the event of the years saw also a festival, the annual Literary Festival in October. Mr. Hodding Carter of the *Times-Democrat*, Mr. Jonathan Daniels of Raleigh's News Observer, Mr. Thomas L. Robinson the publisher of the *Charlotte News*, and a distinguished panel of Pee Dee journalists discussed various aspects of Journalism in the South. Pee Dee newspapers were on display in the hall of the Science Building along with a display indicating the many possible outlets for creative writing in the newspapers of the country.

The Spirit of Coker also saw students and townspeople going to the Auditorium to hear such performers as Richard Cass, pianist; Lois Marshall, soprano; and the

RIGHT: Ann discusses the newspaper business with Mr. Spearman.

BOTTOM: The Literary Festival Panel was composed of: Joseph L. Wiggins, of the Hartsville *Messenger*; W. D. Workman, Jr., special correspondent for several Carolina dailies; Jack O'Dowd, of the Florence *Morning News*; Mrs. Frances H. Hildebrand, of the Sumter *Daily Item*; Walter Spearman, professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina; W. Leroy Harrelson, of the Myrtle Beach *News*.



North Carolina Little Symphony . . . saw people going to the Library and the Art Corridor to see exhibitions of painting and sculpture by some twenty contemporary Americans . . . saw people going to faculty recitals: Mr. Smith, pianist; Mrs. Smith, violinist; Mr. Schall, tenor . . . saw families and friends of certain seniors as well as many other people attending the Senior Recitals in the Margaret Coker Lawton Music Building: Jane Ingram, Idalyn Stoll, Mary Douglass, and Maxine McLamb—all pianists.

Culture? Yes . . . but you can believe the Spirit smiled when he saw the clowning, the capers, the cutting up. "The idle mind is the Devil's workshop" and he saw the Cokernuts as they leaped into the lap of mischief instead of lounging in the lap of idleness . . . saw Bid and Ward, the daytime bellringers . . . and the sneaky nighttime bellringers too, clad in P.J.'s and chillbumps. There were hands that got into all sorts of mischief . . . hands that had no mercy on the one who wanted to sleep late . . . hands that threw others in the

Opposite page

Top: The North Carolina Little Symphony.

Upper left: Richard Cass, Pianist.

Lower left: Lois Marshall, Soprano.

Right: Shep and Carleene give out programs as Coker girls and visitors arrive for a night of entertainment in the Auditorium.

This page, *left to right*

Biddy and Ward always had the urge to swing on the bell rope.

The Morgue Ladies wake up a sleepy-head.

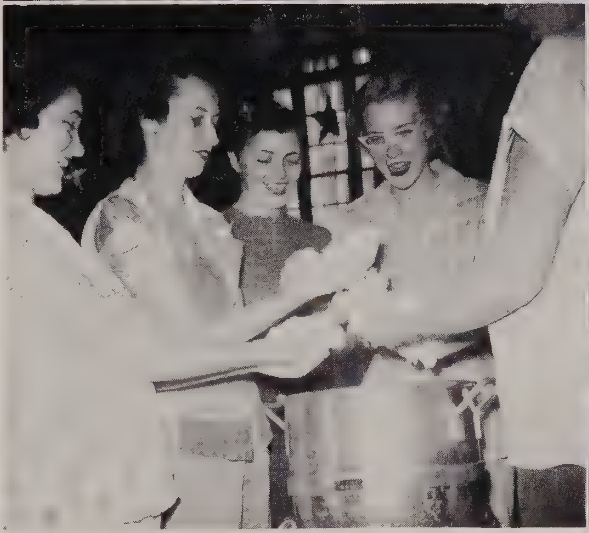
Frances can't ever get to the phone when Charlotte is around.

Bridge by candlelight after light bell was always *more* fun!

You can imagine!

All those suds have to go on the Christmas tree?

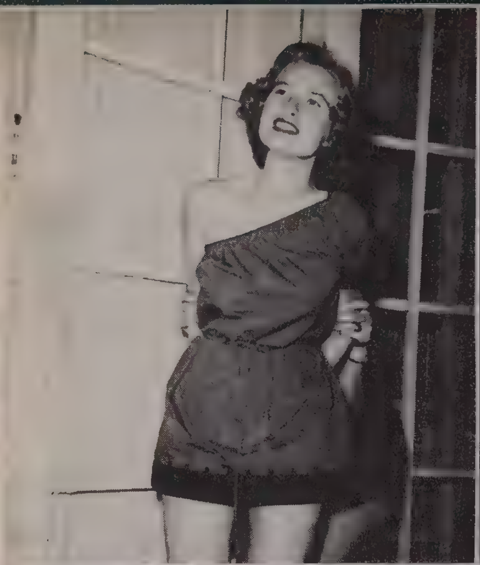
Bobbie always entertained us with songs like her original "Civ. Test."



showers . . . hands that had to play in the soap used to decorate the dining room Christmas tree . . . hands that picked up the telephone too often and held it too long . . . hands that pelted all passers-by with snowballs the day of the first snow . . . hands that belonged in Suite 214-216 "Morgue" which wrote a book entitled "Bridge By Candlelight," for all college students who have "lights out" at 11:00.

But being the Spirit of Coker, he saw that there were some serious moments . . . Religious Emphasis Week . . . deputations to and from boys' colleges that were a lot of fun but also meant spiritual enrichment to all involved . . . C.C.C.A. candlelight installations, "Blest Be the Tie," a call to higher living.

And some people studied . . . a few even made the Dean's List. The Spirit saw the girls as they worked and played. At the Canteen he had to look hard to find the people behind the coffee cups and the grilled cheese



This page, *left to right*

Carolyn had to be held to get this one taken.

Ward, Sylvia and Faye give serious consideration to Dr. Barry's words.

Virginia Hall takes another dose of medicine at the Infirmary.

Georgetownians Kathleen, Yvonne, and Edna enjoy a High School weekend.

Summers, Shirley and Joyce are having a string-pulling time.

Jan doesn't trust the "Girl on the Roller Skates."

Sylvia and Jane "make like hillbillies" to amuse the Cokernuts.

Opposite page, *left to right*

Pat and her fiance leave for a movie.

One had to be an acrobat to put up scenery for the Senior Play.

Kat, you've got fifteen minutes to get to Civ. lecture.

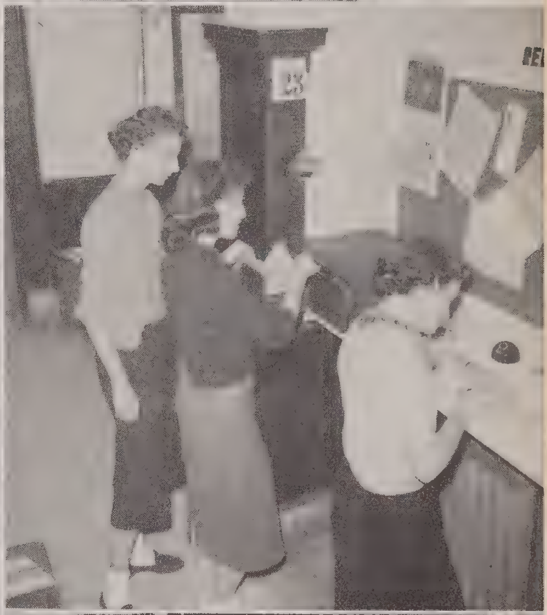
Chris had to move out to Spivey Porch to study.

Be sure you have the correct date when you sign out, girls.

Beth begins work on a research paper.

sandwiches. But they were there . . . also dancing, playing cards reading mail (if Bob of Bill or Ben remembered). They were in the dorm, too—partying. Birthday parties. "Happy Birthday, Dear Martha." Cakes, cakes . . . cakes with white icing and pink roses . . . Coke parties . . . Coffee parties . . . Parties . . . Inevitable jokes and chatter . . . Sometimes serious conversation. At a Hobo Party in the Gym, the Spirit saw two strange creatures—especially strange that is— who called themselves "Sylvester and Sal" and were dressed up like the worst sort of Hillbillies. They even sang accordingly and got to Fort Jackson sounding like that! The Spirit wondered. He also wondered about the P.E. girls who worked so hard putting on a puppet show (sewing, building, and painting) . . . who brought such delight to the faces of the young audience . . . who could also in their spare moments roller-skate up and down the dorm halls to the consternation of not a few.

Mr. Spirit observed that at unearthly hours a horrible



clanging roused dead-to-the-world girls who in a 1:00 a. m. stupor grabbed a towel and raincoat and headed for the great outdoors. (Shirley never failed to put on her shoes and socks; and Sylvia, her genuine red Fire Chief's hat.)

Or looking in on Richardson at 11:30 Saturday night, Mr. Spirit may have seen a girl saying goodnight to Mr. Clemson, or Mr. Duke, or Mr. Air Force, in her special corner in her own special way.

The Spirit recalled the dining room . . . Sunday dinner, The Doxology . . . "Happy Birthday, George Washington" . . . assigned tables . . . Buffet style supper, Bermudas . . . "Here's to ———, bless her heart" . . . "Round the table you must go" . . . and the Birthday Supper.

The Spirit saw the inevitable signing out for dates, for home, for weekends at Davidson, Newberry, or The Citadel . . . and he noted that some signed back in, some forgot, some returned late, some were just plain careless

This page, *left to right*

The Coker float represented us in many Christmas parades. Here Ward, Ingram, Blackmon, Oates, Watt, and F. Rogers grace it.

There's not a sport that P. E. Majors miss, is there Shirley?

Waiting to man the canoes for the crew races is a rather hopeless looking group, but they wont.

We always dressed appropriately for the Required Functions.

Priscilla Umbers receives that all-important letter.

Dad's Day brought many fathers and some mothers to visit their daughters.

Opposite page, *left to right*

Sam Donahue of the Billy May Orchestra.

Marcie Miller, vocalist, Billy May Orchestra.

Having fun, Chris!

We danced and danced . . .

Susan, Ann, and Betty hang stars for the Christmas Dance.

in the way thye kept their records. And some chose the Mrs. degree instead of the A.B. or B.S.

At Christmastime the Spirit saw Herb, Mr. Brumbaugh, and some of the girls decorating the float to be entered in the Hartsville Christmas parade, saw it as it traveled on to other parades in the state and won for itself some honors.

And there was the college club buzzing with activities . . . canoeing (canoe tip or no canoe tip) . . . suppers and a uke and many voices full of vitality . . . cookouts at the furnace, steak, and tiny cakes made by Deeda's mother, delicious! . . . swimming, crew . . . field trips . . . and quiet times, too, alone with only the birds and Browning.

And the Spirit couldn't help but see that mailbox, stuffed to the brim with outgoing mail in hopes that the girls would get some in return. Books were dropped, people were late to class. Some got soaked in the rain, but the mail went out . . . and many times Olin, Derrick, and Keith were lifesavers when the girls din't want to get wet going to the mailbox themselves.

Coker had a Dad's Day and the Spirit looked on and smiled warmly. Dad sat through Civ. lecture, lost though he was. He met teachers, advisors, and other Dads . . . worked and played just as his girl does . . . saw why he sent her to Coker.

A gay and exhilarating feeling must have swept over the Spirit as he looked back and recalled Dance Committee planning a big night. He remembered anxious questions such as "Who can I invite?" or "What will I wear?" . . . the bands that played . . . someone daring to do the Charleston . . . couples saying goodnight on Richardson, lingering five minutes longer than legal . . . and the "After glow."

A glance at the Auditorium and the Spirit saw all the work of practicing for a play . . . the difficulty of leaving that playbook in the seat for the first time! Then almost miraculously the footlights went on the night of the play and the players were ready to give the performance. They forgot cues and couldn't hear the prompter . . . became nervous and poured tea into the saucer instead of the cup . . . left out a whole page! But like troopers, somehow came through . . . the show went on.

The weather warmed and suddenly several lithe little figures clad in black scampered across the stage of the amphitheater—Modern Dance Club at work. May Day would take many hours of practice, and practice they did . . . sore feet (sore everything) from dancing on the grass . . . gales of laughter as they tried on the costumes for the first itme . . . and then the beauty of the performers on THE day . . . and the beauty of the May Court as they went through the ceremony of crowning Sylvia Coker's Queen of May.

Because they were out front, the Spirit of Coker saw the seniors, particularly, in all their glory. Their faces were bright and their manner dignified that first day in Senior Coffee . . . there was almost a stampede the day they received those shiny gold rings. They were measured

for caps and gowns in October and felt as if the year was almost over. The Spirit watched them closely as they spent their last days in the library, the Business Building, Science Building, and the Music Building. He saw them spend much time together playing too . . . sunbathing . . . partying . . . searching for the stolen blackboard . . . going off to the beach for "Sneak Weekend." They were seen perhaps in the most difficult times of all writing seminar papers . . . practice teaching . . . taking Teacher's Exam . . . giving repertoire and senior music recitals . . . complaining of headaches and taking several bottles of aspirin. The Spirit saw their delightful play, *Arsenic and Old Lace* . . . recalled that someone called "Chris Roosevelt" over the speaker . . . saw the Junior-Senior . . . viewed Class Day as the seniors gave the juniors new rings and their new robes . . . remembered how they sang their goodbye song . . . and saw the tears.

Then it was Graduation Day, and miles across the stage to the hand that held the diploma, and years until the last word was said and it was all over. Yes, the Spirit of Coker was waiting at the gate for those he knew would soon be there, the graduates of '56. They passed through the gate and he with them, but before they were out of sight, the Spirit took one last backward glance and waved to the class rising to take their place.

Opposite Page:

Top: Carleene adjusts her motarboard for the last time before the graduation exercises.

Lower left: The Clubhouse on the lake where we spend our most carefree moments.

Lower right: Memorial-Central Dormitory, our home.

THIS PAGE:

Top: Marching to a Senior Day program.

Center: Vivi receives her cap and gown from Frankie at Class Day.

Lower left: The path from the Post Office to the Science Building.

Lower right: Coker's immortal Bell Tower.

Senior Directory

CAROLYN ALLSBROOK .... Page 22

Dean's List 2,3,4; Sigma Tau Delta 2; I.R.C. 2,3,4; Chi Beta Epsilon 3,4; Queen Bess Players 4; Alpha Psi Omega 4; B.S.U. 1,2,3,4; "Sophomore Skit"; *Mother was a Freshman* 3; *Arsenic and Old Lace* 4; *How to Propose* 4; MILESTONE staff 4; Chapel Proctor 4; Hockey 2; Tennis Tournament 3; Basketball 3, Honor Team 3; Crew 4; Games Tournament 3.

DONALD ANDERSON .... Page 29

Transfer from Carson Newman.

SALLY BANKS .... Page 26

Freshman English Medal 1; Writing Award 2; Honor Scholarships 1,2,3; Christian Council 1,2,3; Freshman Rep. to Student Council; Sec.-Treas. of Soph. Class; Freshman Commissioner; Glee Club 1,2,3; Sextette 1,2,3; Sigma Tau Delta 2,3; Queen Bess Players 2,3; Music Club 2,3; Riding Club 1, Pres. 2; Dance Committee 1; Fall Play 2; Editor of GATEWAY 2; PERISCOPE staff 1,2, Feature editor 3; Organizations Editor of MILESTONE 3; Dance Revue 3; Swim Meet 1; Basketball 2,3.

FAYE BAXLEY .... Page 32

Howard Lee Jones Scholarship 1,2; Freshman English Medal; Dean's List 1,2,3,4; Freshman Chemistry Award; Sec. of Student Gov't. 3; First Vice-President of Student Gov. 4; Freshman Commissioner; Dance Club 2,3; I.R.C. 2,3,4; Queen Bess Players 2,3,4; Alpha Psi Omega 3,4; *Land of Heart's Desire* 1; *Time for Everything* 2; Sophomore Skit; *Mother Was a Freshman* 3; PERISCOPE staff 2; Rep. on Joint Council 2; Christian Council 3,4; President of Methodist Student Movement 2; Usher 2; May Court 3, Crowner 4; Class Historian 4; Who's Who 4; Sophiades 3,4; May Day Dances 1,2.

BETH BLACKMON .... Page 34

Dean's List 4; Dance Club 1,2,3,4, President 3,4; Chi Beta Epsilon 4; I.R.C. 2,3,4, Vice-Pres. 4; Queen Bess Players 3,4; Sophomore Skit; Town Girls' Club 1,2,3,4, Sec.-Treas. 2; B.S.U. 1,2,3,4; Greensboro Art Forum 1,2,3,4; Cutie Court 3,4; Usher 3; *Mother Was a Freshman* 3; Numerals 2; May Day Dances 1,2,3,4; Dance Revue 3; Play Day 2; Tennis Tournament 3; Swim Meet 2.

PEGGY LYNETTE CANTEY .... Page 22

Dean's List 3,4; Drama Club 3,4; Chi Beta Epsilon 4; Glee Club 1; Westminster Fellowship 1,2,3,4; Usher 4; Junior Class Play; Senior Class Play; Fall Play 3; Alpha Psi Omega 4; Chapel Proctor 2; Basketball 2,3; Hockey 4; Recreational Games Tournament 3; Honor Hockey Team 4; Volleyball 4; MILESTONE staff 4.

ELIZABETH DEGENHARDT .... Page 30

Freshman Commissioner; Junior Class President 3; House President of New Central 3; Student Council 3,4; Dean's List 3,4; May Court 4; Newman Club President 4; I.R.C. 2,3,4; Drama Club 3,4; Alpha Psi Omega 3,4, Stage Manager 4; *Mother Was a Freshman* 3; Honorable Mention for Drama Club Award; *Arsenic and Old Lace* 4; Sophomore Skit 2; Fire Warden 2; Athletic Council 1,2,3,4, Pres. 4; Freshman Rep. 1; College Rep. to Lander 4; Winthrop Sports Day, Swimming 1,3; Coker Sports Day, Swimming and Hockey 4; Basketball 1,2,3,4, Honor Team 2; Volleyball 1,2,3,4, Captain; Tennis Singles Tournament 1,2,3,4, Winner 1; Tennis Doubles Tournament 1,2,3,4; Recreational Games Tournament 1,2; May Day Dances 2; Hockey Team 3,4; Swim Meet 1,2,3,4; Crew 1,2,3,4, Coxswain 2,3,4; Numerals 1; Gothic "C" 2; Block "C" 3; Instructor's in Swimming 1; Photography Editor, MILESTONE 4; Beauty Court 2,4.

MARY DOUGLASS .... Page 26

Dean's List 1,2,3,4; Sophiades 3,4; Sec.-Treas. of Senior Class; PERISCOPE staff 2,3; Christian Council 2,3,4; Music Club 2,3,4, President 4; Glee Club Accompanist 1,2,3,4; Soloist on tour for Glee Club; President of Sophiades 4; I.R.C. 2,3,4; Secretary of Glee Club 3; Sec.-Treas. of Westminster Fellowship 3; Music Scholarship 2; Westminster Fellowship Council 2,3,4; May Day Dances 1,2; Dance Revue 1; Numerals 2.

PAT EADDY .... Page 27

Sophomore Skit 2; *Arsenic and Old Lace* 4; Drama Club 4; Biology Club 2,3,4, Secretary 3, President 4; Fire Warden 4; Hockey 1,2,3,4, Honor Team 2, Co-captain 4; May Day Dances 1,2; Numerals 2.

BOBBI FINCH .... Page 25

Transfer from Winthrop 3; Transfer Commissioner 4; Drama Club 3,4; Sigma Tau Delta 4; Glee Club 3; Songleader 3,4; *Meet the Prince* 3; *Arms and the Man* 4; *How to Propose* 4; PERISCOPE 4; Fire Warden 3; Archery Medal 3; Senior Salutes.

LUCILLE C. FREEMAN .... Page 28

Transfer from Winthrop College and Queens College.

MYRTIS HORTON .... Page 28

Transfer from Gardner-Welch College.

JANE INGRAM .... Page 32

Freshman Piano Scholarship; Drama Club 3,4; Alpha Psi Omega 4; Sophomore Skit; *Mother Was A Freshman*; *The Thief and the Old Maid*; *Arms and the Man*; Beauty Court 3,4; Coker Sexette 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4, President 4, Treasurer 3; Music Major's Club 2,3,4; B.S.U. Council 2,3,4; State B.S.U. Organist 3; School Pianist 3; May Day Exercises Piano Accompanist 1,2; State B.S.U. Choir 2,4.

NORMA JEAN JOHNSON .... Page 35

Dean's List 2,4; Certificate in Secretarial Science 2; Day Student's Club 1,2,3,4; Dance Club 4; Chi Beta Epsilon 3,4; Biology Club 4; Program Committee Chairman, Junior Class Play; Junior-Senior Decorating Committee 3; May Day Dances 1,2,3; Numerals 2.

JOYCE JOHNSTON .... Page 30

Dean's List 2,3,4; Sigma Tau Delta 2,3,4, Sec.-Treas. 3; I.R.C. 2,3,4, President 4; Dance Committee 3,4; Methodist Student Union 1,2,3,4; Hockey Tournament 1.

BARBARA JOYCE .... Page 22

Dean's List 4; Usher 3; Chi Beta Epsilon 4; May Day Dance 3; Hockey Team 1,4; Volleyball Tournament 4.

LUKE B. KING, JR. .... Page 29

Transfer from Furman; I.R.C. 4.

JANIE C. KING .... Page 29

Certificate in Secretarial Science; Phi Beta Epsilon 3.

MARTHA LANGFORD .... Page 32

Christian Council 3,4; President of Christian Association 4; Student Council 4; B.S.U. 1,2,3,4; Who's Who 4; Sophiades 4; Class Usher 2; Sigma Tau Delta 2,3,4; Chi Beta Epsilon 2,3,4; Alpha Psi Omega 3,4; Drama Club 2,3,4; PERISCOPE staff 2,3, Editor 4; MILESTONE staff 2; *Mother Was a Freshman*; *Blue Stocking.*

SHIRLEY LAWHON .... Page 24

Physical Education Major's Club 3,4, Vice-President 4; Fire Warden 1,2; *Arsenic and Old Lace* 4; Hockey Tournament 1,2,3,4, Co-Captain 1, Honor Team 1,2,3,4; Volleyball 1,2,3,4; Dance Revue 1; May Day 1,2; Basketball 1,2,3,4, Honor Basketball 1,2, 3,4, Captain 1; Crew 1,2,3,4; Tennis Singles 2,3,4, Winner 4; Tennis Doubles 2,3; Recreational Games 2,3,4; Winthrop Play Day 3; Coker Play Day 4; Numerals 1; Gothic "C" 2; Block "C" 3; Senior Life Saving 2.

SYLVIA CLAUDETTE LOCKEE .... Page 35

Glee Club 1,2; B.S.U. 1,2,3,4; Sophomore Skit 2; May Day Dances 1,2; Hockey Tournament 1,4; Volley Ball Tournament 2,3; Numerals 1; Tennis Tournament 3; Games Tournament 3; Basketball 2.

JEANENE LOCKLEAR .... Page 23

Dean's List 4; B.S.U. 1,2,3,4; Queen Bess Players 4; Chi Beta Epsilon 4; Chapel Proctor 3; *Arsenic and Old Lace* 4; *Still Stands the House* 4; Basketball 2; Numeral 2; May Day Dances 3; Games Tournament 3; Tennis Tournament 3; Professional Shopper Award 4.

MAXINE LOCKLEAR .... Page 25

Physical Education Major's Club 2,3,4, Secretary 3, Treasurer 4; B.S.U. 1,2,3,4;Fire Warden 3; Basketball 1,2,3,4, Honor Team 1,2,3,4, Captain 3; Hockey 1,2,3,4, Honor Team 2,3,4, Captain 2,3; Numerals 1; Gothis "C" 3; Block "C" 3; Winthrop Sports Day-Hockey 3; Coker Sports Day-Hockey 4; Crew 2,3; May Day Dances 1,2,3; Recreational Games Tournament 3; Dance Revue 1; Tennis Singles Tournament 2,3,4; Tennis Doubles Tournament 2,3; Archery 3; *Arsenic and Old Lace* 4.

Senior Directory

JANICE LOWRIMORE .... Page 24

Freshman Commissioner; Sports Editor of PERISCOPE 3; Athletic Council 2,3,4, Business Manager 3; B.S.U. Council 3,4, Treasurer 4; Drama Club 2,3,4, Business Manager 4; Alpha Psi Omega 4; *Ring Around Elizabeth*; *Time for Everything*; *Mother Was A Freshman*; *Arsenic and Old Lace*; Physical Education Major's Club 2,3,4, Vice-President 3, Secretary 4; Basketball 1,2,3,4, Honor Team 1,2; Hockey 1,2,3,4, Honor Team 2,3,4, Alternate Captain 2,3; Fire Warden 2,4.

MAXINE McLAMB .... Page 35

Dean's List 1,2,3,4; Freshman French Award; Freshman Music Scholarship; Howard Lee Jones Scholarship 3; Glee Club 1,3,4, Secretary, Treasurer 4; Music Club 3,4, Secretary-Treasurer 4.

CARLEENE MYERS .... Page 27

Dean's List 1; Freshman Commissioner; Student Council 3, Treasurer; Summer School House President 2; B.S.U. 1,2,3; B.S.U. Council 2; Sigma Tau Delta 2,3; Chi Beta Epsilon 2,3; PERISCOPE Staff, Feature Editor, 2; GATEWAY Contribution 1, Assistant Editor 2; Sophomore Skit; Beauty Court 1,2,3; Head Usher 3; May Day Dances 1; Games Tournament 1.

BEBE PEEPLES .... Page 33

Dean's List 3; I.R.C. 2,3,4, Secretary 3; Chi Beta Eplison 4; B.S.U. 1,2,3,4; Fire Warden 1; Usher 3; Dance Review 1; Games Tournament 3; Living Pictures 3.

JOYCE PLAYER .... Page 23

Physical Education Major's Club 4; West Minister Fellowship 1,2, 3,4; Chief Fire Warden 4; Basketball 1,2,4, Captain 2, Honor Team 1,2,4; Hockey 1,2,4, Captain 4, Honor Team 1,2,4; Volleyball 2,3; Crew 1,2,3,4; May Day Dances 1,2; Swim Meet 2,3,4; Tennis 3,4; Dance Revue 1.

ELIZABETH PLOWDEN .... Page 31

Dean's List 2,3,4; Sophiades 4; Who's Who 4; Freshman Commissioner; May Court 4; Athletic Council 2,3,4; Fire Warden 2; Sigma Tau Delta 2,3; I.R.C. 3,4; Westminister Fellowship Council 2,3,4; Queen Bess Players 3,4; Sophomore Skit; *Mother Was A Freshman* 3; MILESTONE Staff 2, Editor 4, Business Manager 3; Games Tournament 2,4; Tennis Doubles 2,3,4.

SHEP PORTER .... Page 23

Dean's List 4; Glee Club 1,2; I.R.C. 3,4, Secretary-Treasurer 4; Christian Council 4; B.S.U. 1,2,3,4; B.S.U. Council 4, Secretary 4; Fire Warden 3,4; Hockey 1,2,3,4.

DELLA MAE REVELS .... Page 25

Dean's List 4; Glee Club 1,2; Sophomore Skit; *Arsenic and Old Lace* 4; B.S.U. 1,2,3,4; May Day Dances 1,3; Cheerleader 3; Hockey 1,4; Tennis Tournament 2; Drama Club 4.

SARA RODGERS .... Page 31

Dean's List 1,2,3,4; Sophiades 4; May Court 4; Student Council 2; Chairman Freshman Commissioners; Christian Council 2,3,4; Vespers Chairman 3,4; I.R.C. 2,3,4; Glee Club 3; Dance Club 3; Westminister Fellowship, Council 2,3, President 4, Synod Secretary 3; PERISCOPE staff 2,3; Assistant Editor MILESTONE 4; Chief Chapel Proctor 4; May Day Dances 1,2.

FRANCES RODGERS .... Page 33

Dean's List 1,2; Student Council 3; Joint Council 3; House President Memorial 3; Christian Council 1,2,3,4; B.S.U. Council 1,2, 3,4, President 4; I.R.C. 2,3,4; Sigma Tau Delta 2,3,4; French Club 2; Drama Club 2,3,4, President 4; Alpha Psi Omega 2,3,4, President 4; *Mother Was a Freshman* 3; *Sophomore Skit*; *Hearts* 2; *White Iris* 3; *Ring Around Elizabeth* 1; *Arms and The Man* 4; *Arsenic and Old Lace* 4; *How to Propose* 4; Dance Club 2,3; Dance Revue 3; May Day Dances 1,2,3; Fire Warden 1; Volleyball 3,4; Hockey 1; Numerals 2.

PEGGY ROGERS .... Page 30

Dean's List 2; Modern Dance Club 1,2,3,4; Drama Club 3,4; Alpha Psi Omega 3,4; Chi Beta Epsilon 2,3,4; Town Student's Club 1,2,3; Sophomore Skit; *Mother Was A Freshman* 3; Beauty Court 3; Winthrop Sports Day—Swimming 3; Coker Sports Day —Tennis 4; May Day Dances 1,2,3; Swim Meet 1,2,3; Tennis Singles Tournament 1,2,3,4; Tennis Doubles Tournament 1.2,3, Winner 1; Hockey 3, Honor Team 3; Greensboro Dance Forum 3; Dance Review 1,3; Volleyball 3.

CHRISTINE SAVVAS .... Page 24

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Transfer from the University of Missouri; I.R.C. 4.

SYLVIA SWEET .... Page 33

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MARIAN TYNER .... Page 35

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FRANKIE WHITTLE .... Page 35

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Baggett, Lenorah, St. Stephen, S. C.	50
Ballard, Eleanor, Chesterfield, S. C.	44
Banks, Sally, Chester S. C.	26
Barnes, Betty, Charlotte, N. C.	44
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Beasley, Horace C. Bishopville, S. C.	50
Bell, Jo Ann, Hartsville, S. C.	50
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Brinson, Lynette, Moncks Corner, S. C.	50
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Cliff, Ruth Ann, Charlotte, N. C.	50
Clifton, Barbara Ann, Darlington, S. C.	50
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Cone, Bonnie, Saluda, S. C.	50
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Connor, Betty, Charleston, S. C.	44
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Crawford, Betty, Winnsboro, S. C.	50
Crawford, Patricia, North Charleston, S. C.	50
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B	I	R	D		C	R	A	C	K	E	D		S
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Gosh! Can you believe it! Here we are — Seniors!! It doesn't seem possible — but guess it has finally happened. I can't begin to tell you what your friendship has meant to me these past three years. We've had so many good times together. Let's really live it up next year down on Senior Hall.

Haven't we had fun this year. The four of us — you, Bob, Jenny, and me. I'll never forget our midnight bridge games by candlelight in Gunther. What fun!! I'm really looking forward to next year. It should really prove to be interesting.

Another thing I'll never forget was the day you [illegible] in [illegible]. I was really in a state of shock when I saw you. [illegible] you have that happy [illegible], you [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]. [illegible] you [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]. I highly recommend you [illegible]!

I'm looking forward to coming up to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] again. I had so much fun [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] your family — they're all so sweet, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!

Well, there is so much I want to say but [illegible]!

[illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!!

Lots of love,

[illegible]

Dear Anne,
what can you say
when you come ? Regis
the end of a year enjoyed
been fun? See well, yes,
knowing you? the things
I guess there are what I'd like
most people say. you must be
to say is this — the dearest human
without a doubt. I can only remember
in the morgue. that I came in your
very few times that you were in the
room when you were in your Tab!
Oh. well! Everyone to their own pastime!
I enjoyed it really — going to the canteen, Jr.-
sleeping with you at Bids the nite of the Jr.-
Sr. — borrowing 2¢ for a coke — I'm very glad I
got to know you this year + maybe next year you
all will let me come down to see ya, huh? Good
luck & I hope you + Dave take the long walk someday
it's O.K.!! —

Love ya,
Sifewa

M^c Hurst:

[illegible]

. . . it be [illegible]

[illegible] Fay — and just as sweet, as you are now, always.

[illegible]

Dear McGuire,

There is so much to say I don't know where to begin. First I want to say that rooming with you has meant more to me than any thing I can think of. Thank you for the sips, stamps, spelling, slips—Heavens! I couldn't have lived without you. I have always heard that your old friends were supposed to be your best friends. In this year, I have realized that that is not so. I feel that I have grown very close to you and have been able to talk to you as I have never confided in anyone else. I have sincerely enjoyed every minute of living with you — and you had better come back next year!!

There are so many things that I shall never forget - our trips to Duke and the week-ends in Darlington and Monroe with Davis and Harris. The bridge on Dunbar by candle light - our trip to Najim's, and staying with Uncle Jim. We have done so much together that you seem to be a part of every thing I do. I hated college before this year, and I know that you and the other two have made me love it. Now I don't want to leave - most of all I don't want to leave you. I know I am a hard person to live with - Thank you for putting up with me and listening to all my problems. You really can never know how much you mean to me. This has been the happiest year of my life in about ten years.

I'm glad we have another year together cause I just couldn't say "good-bye." Next year I promise to clean up and be good.

Dear [illegible],

[illegible] of this year [illegible] I'm looking forward to next year when we'll be back together [illegible] in June. I'm going to [illegible]

[illegible]

I [illegible] this summer. Don't you dare skip off and get married — I want you to marry Lewis and have a "House" full of happiness, but I also want you to come back for one more year.

We'll have more time next year and we'll really do a thousand things. But it can't be any better than this year. I might even write a book about it some day. We have so much to remember! The Big Four will always be one of my most treasured memories.

Be good and I'll see you this summer and next year and all the years to come. As far as I'm concerned you are a wonderful person. I'm glad and thankful that you are my roommate. I love you

Bea

Dear Maggot,

Excuse, please, Mac, Muscles, McTuint Ann— take your pick.

Every year McTuint I feel closer to you. The first year you were a pretty, sweet and charming girl from Monroe, whom I counted among my friends. Then when we invaded the Morgue I really began to know and love you. And now this year living with you and our having so many wonderful times together— I don't know what to say! Except maybe that it's been wonderful, but that's pretty flat to say the least.

Well, gal, don't look now but we're Seniors. It just ain't possible but I guess it's true. I guess we'll realize it about next year.

I'm looking forward to next year when we are Alice and Annie Athlete. Boy the Senior teams will really be unbeatable, won't they. So will the big four bridge games.

I can't quite envision us on Senior Hall but I guess we'll be there as mean as ever playing bridge and raising coin.

Mc Girt,
I'm leaving now so you can take over & I'm leaving Coker in a wonderful bunch of girls - Take good care of it but most of all, have a wonderful senior year! You'll never regret it I know!!

All the happiness & love to a wonderful & sweet girl.

Have a big summer and we'll see you next year!

My Love,
Jan

I can just see you now trying to keep up with all the millions of dollars the Seniors will be raking in.

Don't be surprised when you see Mary and I cruising around Monroe this summer trying to figure out where Washington St. is.

Until then be sweet and take care of Dave.

My love always.
Suz.

Dearest Anne,

Well I can't believe it's all over, I wish I could come back and see that senior class run this place next year.

Anne, it has been wonderful knowing you and being your friend. Please don't forget me and write me often. I will always remember you and love you.

Anne, I have enjoyed being with you the few times that we got together, I wish it could have been more often.

Stay the same sweet Anne, Please write me because I will miss you so much and all the good times we have had.

I love you lots,
Shirley

YEARBOOK HOUSE
KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI

Anne,

It sure has been nice living across the hall from you. Sure am going to miss you next year. When you're in Charlotte, please come by to see me or at least call me. I'll be up there in "your" neck of the woods from now on. Best wishes to you always. I'll miss you and your "gang" - keep the Morgue straight. -

Love,
Louise

Dear "Ann",

I don't know how to begin this. There is so very much I want to say but I don't know how to say it. I am so very glad you and the "crew" were on our hall this year and that we have gotten to know you. I think you are one of the sweetest girls I have ever known and one I will never forget. This year has been great and I hate to see next year come because I know you will be leaving. I hope because we won't be living together that we won't drift apart. Y'all can come back up to Morgue to see us — okay? Ann, I hope you always have the best life has to offer because you certainly deserve it. Have a nice summer and we will see you in September!

Your friend always,
Peg

Dear Ann,

It has been so nice knowing you. I'll never forget the first time I ever saw you. I thought you were so pretty - I still do!

I hope you always have the best of everything for you certainly deserve it!

Best of love & luck, always!

Ginny
Williamson

McGuirt,

Well, we've got three years down and one to go, huh? Think we'll make it?!? They've really been loads of fun tho' - even Mr. Calbert's boring lectures!

Be good this summer & don't live it up too much. I'll see you come Sept.

Don't give Dave to hard a time!

Much love,

"Dr. Bose"

Dear Anne,

Well gal, We're leaving it with you. Take good care of everything—

It's been good being with you these years. There are so many wonderful memories.

Good luck to a fine gal - Love,

Sylvia

Dearest McGuirt,

Where do I even begin to tell you everything that I want to say? We've had some great times, haven't we .... good old morgue sho has got what it takes. But it never would have been as wonderful if it hadn't been for you. McGuirt, all our long talks about our men -- my always bumming cigs -- the play practices we went to -- the giggles that found their way from our room all the way down to yours -- our exercises out in the hall -- and not a darn thing happened!! -- Just everything. I could go on all night!! But somehow the words just won't come. Just know that I'll never forget you, gal. You are just The Greatest --- and I'm going to miss you like crazy. Stay as sweet and beautiful always as you are now - And you just better make it to my wedding!!

McGuirt, I wish you and David all the luck in the world - I've never seen a better looking couple - and I know you will be so very happy.

I'll never say "goodbye" — just, I'll be seeing you.

Please write me.

Love always,

Kat Chastain

Dear Anne,

Knowing you these past three years has been a joy. I will always hold you in my memories of Coker.

Gives alot to look forward to with your Senior year coming up.

Best of everything in all you undertake to do.

Sincerely,

Barbara

P.S. Come to see me in Charlotte.